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STATESMAN AND NATION

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A Whiff of Sulphur from Bermuda

Everything is just fine headlined the *Daily Mail* over its front-page lead story on Bermuda. "We talked," said Mr. Macmillan, "like fellow-guests at a country house party." Nobody will grudge Mr. Dulles and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd their early-morning splashes in the sea, or Mac and Ike their jovial reminiscences over pheasant and venison-steaks (flown in daily from Canada). But country house parties do not normally produce international agreements, and the celebrations at the Mid-Ocean Club seem to have been no exception. If we peer into the misty recesses of the official communiqué we find little but the misleading clichés which marked the disastrous Washington conference in January, 1956. The American decision to join—with significant reservations—the Military Committee of the Baghdad Pact had been taken a week before. The guided-missiles agreement, too, had been drawn up by Mr. Sandys in Washington six weeks ago, and its publication merely serves to remind us that we have now given America ultimate control over our main strategic weapons. Apart from British Tory papers, anxious to clutch at straws of comfort, the world's press has analysed the communiqué with chilly scepticism. "The conference arranged to restore the alliance," wrote *Le Monde*, "has merely emphasised the fact that Britain is now a very junior partner in it."

It is not what the communiqué contains, however, which should cause alarm, but what it omits. Mr. Macmillan does not seem to have succeeded in reconciling Anglo-American approaches to the Middle East crisis, or even in convincing Eisenhower that a crisis exists. Exchanges of views, however "frank and cordial," cannot take the place of specific solutions to specific problems. What part—if any—does Britain play in the application of the Eisenhower "doctrine"? Are we to take it that the West has finally refused to discuss the Middle East with Russia? Are we prepared to negotiate for an arms embargo, and if not how do we propose to prevent Egypt from rebuilding its forces on an even greater scale than before?

Even on the narrower—but more pressing—issues which arose from the November conflict, the communiqué throws no light on Anglo-American policy. What do we intend to do if Nasser refuses to admit Israeli ships to the Canal and resumes his blockade of Aqaba? What steps will the U.N. force take to prevent *fedayeen* incursions from the Gaza strip? What will our attitude be if Canada, on the one hand, or India, Yugoslavia and Indonesia, on the other, withdraw their contingents from the force? Do we still insist on a 50-50 payment of Canal dues, and if so what will be our response if Nasser remains intransigent? There are no answers to these questions—indeed, to judge by Commander Noble's showing in the House on Monday, the net result of Bermuda seems to be that the indecision and ambiguity in Washington has now spread to London.

It is useless to pretend that Mr. Hammarskjold can solve these problems through private negotiations, that all we have to do is to wait in patience. The U.N. is merely the expression of the will of the powers, and so long as Britain and America are divided and hesitant, it can be little more than an unhappy spectator of the drift back to chaos. The other participants have made their positions ominously clear. Russia, barring a great power agreement, including a general arms embargo, will continue to supply the material for another conflict from which she alone can profit. Israel, if reports reaching us from Paris are correct, has already received a specific pledge of French air support should the guarantees she received in Washington remain unfulfilled and should she be driven, in consequence, to obtain them by force. The object of Bermuda was to unveil the Anglo-American plan to meet these dangers. Now it is over, the world can only conclude that no such plan exists. The one solid fact that has emerged from the cosy country-house chat, is the western determination, despite the warnings of physicists and doctors, despite the agonised appeals from Japan, despite the latest Russian offer, to persist in loading the upper air with death-carrying strontium. All that the Bermuda sands have yielded is a whiff of sulphur from the depths.

DUPLICATE

Comments on the Week's News

Capitalist Budgeting

Each Spring brings a tussle between the President and Congress about the federal budget, for every congressman and every lobbyist has his views about the way in which the budget can be cut—thereby making tax reliefs possible—without harming his own special interests. Part of the complaint this year is that no general tax cut is contemplated; part of it rests on the belief that government spending is the root cause of inflation. (At the level of one quarter of the national income it may also be the root cause of the boom.) Of the federal budget of over $70,000 millions, nearly two-thirds goes on defence and veterans' benefits. The latter, indeed, run at something like half the total British budget. Federal aid to education and social welfare costs about $12,000 millions or 16 per cent.; aid to farmers, industry and highway programmes runs to another $9,000 millions; and the foreign aid programme—which the National Association of Manufacturers wishes to cut by half—takes something under $3,000 millions. There is undoubtedly a lot of loose budgeting in these figures, and some of the estimates are probably as arbitrary as the cuts imposed by economy-minded members of Congress. An interesting sidelight on the way in which government departments can lobby up their appropriations is cast by the allegation in *U.S. News and World Report* that the Air Force managed to squeeze up its appropriation for B 52 bombers by carefully timed "leaks" about Soviet strategic bomber strength—leaks which subsequent intelligence reports suggest were greatly exaggerated.

Communist Planning

For a variety of reasons—some statistical and some of "security"—it is difficult to draw precise conclusions from the Soviet budget. But the current budget has one very interesting feature: despite a slight increase in investment and slight decline in the amount nominally devoted to defence, the rate of economic expansion is expected to fall from 11 to 7½ per cent. Though this is still a high level (about twice that of the U.S.), it is a very marked change of pace. Some economists have explained it by suggesting that it is due partly to a reduction in the intensity of work and partly to an effort to accumulate stocks and thereby make the economy more flexible. Though both explanations may have some truth in them, the greater part of this decline is probably due to the call on Soviet resources for the remodelling of the satellite economies, and especially to meet the demands created by the changes in Poland and Hungary. If this is the reason, it means that the Soviet Union will be much less "competitive" in the world economy than seemed likely a year ago. Indeed, this change may give the West a much longer breathing space before Soviet industrial competition becomes really effective. If, however, the Soviet government decided to use more of its resources for foreign trade, rather than use them up internally in high-cost projects for industry and agriculture, it could still make a serious challenge in a wide range of industrial products. There are some signs that Communist economists are now realising the true cost of putting dogma before elementary economics. While they put crude Marxist concepts before the "capitalist" conception of interest rates—and this was particularly true in eastern Europe—they could not calculate relative yields when allocating capital to different kinds of investment. The result was a vast misuse of investment resources in "prestige" schemes: despite large investments, productivity was not increased and the economy became top-heavy. This, coupled with the failure of collectivisation, led to the crisis in eastern Europe last summer. The Soviet economy is now being called upon to fill the gaps left by Stalinist planning.

Toward a Settlement?

Whatever result Mr. Macleod may secure from the second round of negotiations, it seems clear that the unions have come off best in the first stages. They have brought out their members in shipbuilding and engineering in good heart and discipline—this appears to be one of the best-organised and determined strikes for many years—and they evidently feel that they are fully in control: there has been no attempt to grab at an agreement lest the resolve of the strikers should weaken. Secondly, they have brought the employers to negotiation, and secured from them the cash offer which had previously been refused. Thirdly, they have felt strong enough to hold out for their own terms. The offer they made to the shipyard employers—and a settlement in the engineering industry will take almost the same form as any agreement about shipbuilding—was for an interim increase of 5 per cent., the strike then being called off while the court of inquiry reviews the dispute, or for an immediate settlement of 7½ per cent., in which case the unions would agree to withhold any more wage claims for a year and to come to some arrangement about demarcation disputes and restrictive practices. The haggling about the additional 2½ per cent. is not unreasonable. If the unions agree to a wage freeze for a year—and their applications, in fact, have been annual ones—they are in effect agreeing to a standstill for 18 months, for a claim takes about six months to negotiate after it has first been submitted. Such questions could have been discussed much sooner, and the strike could have been avoided, if the employers had been willing to negotiate from the beginning instead of waiting for a trial of strength in which they over-estimated their bargaining power.

Coal Board Goes to Law

At Nottingham Assizes on Tuesday Mr. Justice Finnemore delivered judgment in a case brought by the National Coal Board against a Derbyshire colliery deputy, Mr. Galley, who had refused to work the Saturday shift and had claimed that he was not bound by an agreement made between the N.C.B. and the National Association of Colliery Overmen, Deputies and Shotfirers in 1952. The agreement substituted an all-in weekly wage for payment on a shift basis; and Mr. Galley claimed that there had been irregularities in its acceptance by the Association against the expressed will of the members. The N.C.B. was suing Mr. Galley for breach of contract, and there were a number of other summonses awaiting a verdict on this case. Mr. Justice Finnemore, after making it clear that he had nothing to do with the rights and wrongs of the agreement, gave judgment for the N.C.B., on the ground that Mr. Galley was bound by the agreement and had not been required under it to do an excessive amount of work. Underlying the case, which was virtually a test case, is a long-standing grievance of the deputies that they are paid too little in relation to the responsibility and burden of their work and that this hampers recruitment. Mr. Galley's counsel argued that it was unreasonable for him to be called upon to work a sixth shift without extra payment, but the judge contended that the terms of the agreement were clear. The remaining summonses were thereupon adjourned to allow the parties to consider their action in the light of the judgment. Thus, yet again, a case that arises out of a dispute in a trade union has been taken to the law courts, which are hardly the most appropriate place.

The Brave Bishop

Once again the Bishop of Johannesburg, that valiant fighter for justice, has publicly denounced the policies of Mr. Strijdom's government. The newest and perhaps the most unpleasant of all the Apartheid enactments is a clause in the Native Laws Amendment Bill which provides that no African may worship in a church in a city area without first getting permission from the Minister of African Affairs. In other words, the government is now taking the power to decide who may worship where, and thus to impose racial segregation inside the churches. Accepting this as a direct challenge to freedom of worship, the bishop announced in a sermon last Sunday that, if this power were to be invoked, the church would be unable to obey the law and would council both its clergy and its people to do likewise. "We have fully weighed the probable consequences of our actions," said Dr. Reeves, "and believe that we must face whatever suffering may be involved rather than submit to interference in the life of the church." Unlike the Dutch Reformed Church, which is the ideological mouthpiece of Apartheid, the Anglican Church has an honourable record in South Africa. Many of its leaders and clergy have in recent years set an example to the politicians in courage—and the effectiveness of courage as a political weapon.

Pakistan in Crisis

The recurrent crisis in Pakistan has broken out again with the suspension of parliamentary government in West Pakistan, where the administration of Dr. Khan Sahib has been steadily disintegrating. On March 8, the Republican Party ministry—which represents landed interests and the "new rich"—narrowly escaped defeat in the Lahore legislature by the Muslim League and its allies. But, with the backing of President Mirza, it managed to survive until last week. When it collapsed on March 20, President Mirza had to choose between a Muslim League ministry, which would have a most precarious majority, or "governor's rule" for two months. He has chosen the latter. At the same time, there is trouble in the party led by the Prime Minister, Mr. Suhrawardy. The left wing of the Awami League in East Pakistan has been campaigning against Pakistan's links with Seato and the Baghdad Pact, while the Premier and the party secretary have been working hard to weaken the position of the party president, Mullah Bashani, who has played a strange role as "king-maker" in East Pakistan. The left-wing Mullah has resigned, and the struggle for party control is likely to be fought out in forthcoming by-elections. All these permutations and intrigues are likely to continue until Pakistan holds the general elections due under the year-old republican constitution.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Jerusalem

Sinai Aftermath

Our Correspondent in Israel writes: Five months after Israel troops first entered Sinai, security still remains the axis around which all Israel life revolves. First hopes that the results in Gaza would prove a total gain, which in Israel terms means that it would no longer be the springboard for an Egyptian army nor could it again be the *fedayeen* base, have proved too idyllic. But the Egyptian army is not yet back and *fedayeen* activity so far has been on a smaller scale. Nevertheless, with the return of the Egyptians to Gaza there is little faith in the ability of UNEF to prevent renewed large-scale *fedayeen* raids, should the order come from Cairo; and the 19 Israel villages down the Strip border who have to bear the brunt of such attacks are today strengthening their defences. While the Gaza issue is still undecided, the Tiran Straits and Gulf of Aqaba is another matter. And here it is felt there can be no equivocation. Israelis are determined that their ships will go through. The fact that Eilat is now open is more than an exciting event; for people here it is nothing less than history in the making. With this outlet to the Red Sea opening trade routes to Africa and Asia, Israelis feel that the Negev desert can at last become an integral and living part of the country, and not just an outpost held in trust for the future by scattered settlements behind a military screen. As a measure of change, people are today talking not of the blockade, but of the proposed railroad, oil pipelines and communications which have already been started to link Eilat to the north. All this again spells security, for experience in this country has shown that no area here is safe until it is settled. The boatloads of Egyptian, North African and European immigrants who are arriving at Haifa daily are for this reason being mainly channelled to what are called the Negev development areas. While blueprints are thus beginning to become fact, two sources of conflict which basically affect the future of the entire Negev are growing and look like becoming dangerous in the next few weeks.

Few people are yet familiar with the name Nitzana, a small but vital strategic area, between the southern end of the Gaza Strip and the Israel-Sinai frontier. Here is the junction of the two roads which throughout history, from the Romans to Farouk, have been travelled by would-be conquerors of the Negev. Because of its strategic importance Nitzana—although in Israel territory—was declared a demilitarised zone under the 1949 armistice agreement. In October, 1955, it was invaded by the Egyptians in defiance of that agreement. Following a month of useless appeals to the U.N., Israel cleared the area of the Egyptian troops and installed a holding force in the zone which has since remained there. Reports in the last few days suggest that as a result of his current talks with Nasser, Hammarskjold will again propose that Israel evacuate the zone and UNEF move in. It can be anticipated that Israel will flatly refuse to hand over Nitzana—and hence the strategic key for possession of the Negev—to UNEF, particularly as a few miles further inland in Sinai the Egyptians will be free to rebuild their invasion base at Abu Agheila, which during the Sinai Campaign was found to be the concentration point for Egyptian heavy armour. The other proposal which has been gaining ground during the past few weeks is the suggestion that Israel agrees to the stationing of UNEF on her side of the Gaza border. On the surface, this appears to be a fair and just solution to a thorny problem, one which can only work in Israel's interests; and it is for this reason no doubt that friends as well as enemies have advocated it. This suggestion has been put forward on a number of occasions and each time has been rejected by the Israel government. The reasons for rejection not only still hold, but have in fact been strengthened by the performance of UNEF in Gaza. Israelis maintain that UNEF would both be far less efficient than their own soldiers in stopping *fedayeen* raids, and would also impede normal defensive measures by advancing the regular *fedayeen* borderline one kilometre inland. The 19 villages whose farmlands are within this potential no-man's land would be left dependent for their defence and livelihood on UNEF. At the same time all plans for creating new villages there would be dependent on UNEF consent. To Israelis this all looks as if they are being penalised for Arab aggression, and they ask what would happen to-morrow if the Arabs chose new areas for frontier warfare—their *fedayeen* are also stationed in Jordan and Syria. Would Israel be asked to retreat a kilometre from these frontiers, too, and thus passively surrender to a creeping warfare even more dangerous than frontal attack?

Moscow

Soviet Artists Confer

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: One of the last acts of the 560 delegates to the U.S.S.R. Artists' Congress was to turn off their board of administration the man who had been mainly responsible for convening the congress. Boris Iohánson is, moreover, the president of the Academy, Alexander Gerassimov's successor to that post. An amiable, mild-mannered easel-painter, he had delivered the main report without, it had seemed, causing offence to any section of the delegates. Why, then, did he make so poor a showing in the secret ballot—and with him many other prominent personalities who came to the fore during the interregnum between the departure of the Gerassimov clique and this congress? Some attribute it to the mood of the congress, summed up by the harshly uncompromising words of Plastov, a painter who has every justification for feeling bitter about the past: "It is said that during a cancer operation care must be taken not to leave the smallest trace of the malignant growth." The implications were not lost on the delegates. Not only were the "Big Four"—Alexander Gerassimov, Tojdze, Manizer and Nabaldian—swept out of office (they were not proposed for re-election) but, with them, many of those who in the views of the delegates had been compromised by close association with them. The voting, in short, was a measure of the congress's determination to make a complete break with the methods by which Soviet art had been "administered and organised" in the recent past.

It is doubtful, however, whether the congress would have acted so uncompromisingly had it not been for Shepilov's intervention. Making his début before the Soviet intelligentsia as the party's spokesman on ideological affairs (but only on the home front, it seems), Shepilov was obviously at pains to show that party guidance in art does not mean party dictation to artists. True, he reaffirmed without revision the definition of Socialist realism made some twenty-five years ago—the "truthful, historically concrete depiction of reality in its revolutionary development"—claiming that it was the only method that pinpointed the artist's attention on life, but he added an important rider, the interpretation of which will probably decide the future course of Soviet art for some time. "Socialist realism," he said, "is incompatible with any narrowmindedness . . . it is our opinion that within the framework of Socialist realism there can and should flourish different creative styles, a multiplicity of form, a variety of individuality, provided that in all his individuality the artist serves by his works the great ideals of emancipation, the erection of a truly humane and harmonious order, assists the æsthetic education of people and contributes real values and not cheap imitations to the spiritual riches of society. . . . We do not want to prescribe to the artists what themes they 'should' or 'should not' take. . . . It would be better to say that art workers must first of all *be helped*. There should be less moralising tutelage. After all, has not Gorky said that a man must be very wise before he can offer the most cautious of advice to others. . . . We still have the ideological struggle ahead, we are compelled to oppose our ideological adversaries . . . but the party must not tolerate commandism or browbeating. . . ."

These words would have given but cold comfort to the delegates of the Soviet Union's 6,000 art workers had they not been accompanied by the announcement of a series of sweeping measures by the Ministry of Culture which, in line with those steps being taken in the economic, political and administrative fields, will lead to decentralisation of the control of the art life of the country. Henceforth, the republics and other ethnic areas will be entitled to commission works of art without reference to Moscow and to encourage searchings for plastic styles in accordance with local tradition. The demand for this had been voiced particularly strongly from Georgia, Armenia and the Ukraine. "There is at present no difference in style between the work of students from Leningrad, Kiev or Erevan," an Armenian artist wrote on the eve of the congress. Other measures announced are intended to increase the powers of elected art councils in all those commercial organisations concerned with the production and sale of applied art.

Delegates were told that they had met at a time of "bourgeois ideological intervention" in Soviet intellectual life. Shepilov assured them that peaceful co-existence entails acute struggle on the ideological front. There is at present still a tendency to regard all criticism of Soviet art from abroad as an attack on the Socialist system as a whole. Many delegates left the congress convinced that until closer cultural relations were established with the West the danger of originality being labelled "kow-towing" to bourgeois ideology was still acute. Hence their determination to get rid of all those artist-officials at whose

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NEXT WEEK

Rt. Hon. Peter Thorneycroft, M.P.

Profile with drawing by VICKY

Animated Busts

JOHN RAYMOND considers the historical novel

hands they had suffered in the past and of whom they remain acutely suspicious.

The public followed the proceedings of the congress with considerable interest, but it is a sign of the times that for every one visitor to the exhibitions of current Soviet art arranged for the occasion there were at least a score looking at Braques and Picassos in a show of French reproductions.

Westminster

Happy Events

To the Conservative Party, in the House of Commons on Tuesday afternoon—a little revolt. The baby is dead and the parents are delighted.

One remembers the scenes when the Labour government had its troubles—the packed benches, the accompaniment of growls, counter-growls and biting interjection as speakers lashed themselves to frenzy and their Front Bench to flushed exasperation, the combing of division lists, the tense interviews with party leaders and the cutting of friends in corridors.

The Conservatives manage these things otherwise. One had heard discreet reports from upstairs that the party was in a delicate state of health. But when the great day arrived there was no sign of anything unusual. As Mr. Rees-Davies rose to deliver his amendment setting a limit on rent increases under the Rent Bill there were only 25 Tories present and of these only 23 were awake. Because of the guillotine, the whole debate was limited to three-quarters of an hour and during that time no hard word was spoken and no harsh voice raised—except by Mr. G. R. Mitchison who was, in any case, an outsider.

Rees-Davies and Mr. Robert Jenkins applied their pressure—if pressure is not too vigorous a word—with the gently good-natured insistence of parish ladies telling their bachelor vicar that his antimacassars need a wash, and Mr. Henry Brooke replied in his puff-ball voice that he fully appreciated the good intentions of his visitors but that really, if they looked a little more closely, they would see, wouldn't they, that the antimacassars were actually quite clean. Ten Tories eventually abstained from voting in the division which Mitchison was rude enough to force and afterwards everyone had a refreshing cup of tea, poured out by Mr. Ted Heath, the government Chief Whip. No wonder these things are described as "happy events."

During his speech Robert Jenkins said "I am sure that Mr. Brooke knows where he is going." No one could have said such a thing of any other minister this week. Mr. Alan Noble could tell the House that the Suez Canal had now been cleared; but he could not tell us whether British ships were now going to use it or even whether the government had given British shipowners any advice one way or another. Mr. Paget: "What we want to know is—the canal is open to-day, a British ship turns up, who DOES IT PAY THE MONEY TO?" Mr. Noble: "Perhaps the honourable and learned gentleman will put down a question." Mr. Gaitskell renewed Labour's pressure on the government to stop the H-bomb tests, at least for the time being, in view of Russia's latest proposal; but Mr. R. A. Butler "could add nothing to previous answers on the subject." All week the House has attended in force at the end of Questions to hear Mr. Lennox-Boyd make a statement about government policy in Cyprus; but Lennox-Boyd has not turned up. He does not even bother to play the old record. He just waits while his master waits for *his* master's voice. Mr. Iain Macleod does try to be positive; but like the trans-polar pilot who sees the sun set to port, rise soon after to starboard, and as soon set again to starboard, he is a little unsure of his bearings.

As if these abnormal uncertainties were not enough, the normal pre-budget uncertainties are now disturbing the House. Though one leading minister is slap-happily announcing that "inflation is now airborne," what with wages going up, more money being paid to farmers, the old age pensioners pounding too insistently on the door to be denied much longer and no signs of any policy which will stop still further price increases, the word is going round that the forthcoming budget will be an easy one—for the middle class.

To particularise, it is being whispered that Mr. Thorneycroft will woo the surtax payer by raising the exemption limit from £2,000 to £3,000; and because this move, by itself, would look bad politically, it is said that he will also make token concessions to lower-income groups either by increasing income tax allowances or by reducing the standard rate. These moves, if made, might increase the immediate popularity of the government but would intensify the long-term balance of payment and cost of living problems. They would only make tactical sense if, contrary to the Prime Minister's own published statements and the general feeling in the House, the government is proposing to have an election this autumn.

Perhaps the publication in the next few days of the expected White Papers on defence, income and expenditure, and gold and dollar reserves, may give a light on government policy and intention which individual ministers at present are unable to shed. Perhaps even the return of the Prime Minister may help, especially if he is now getting President Eisenhower loud and clear. But in the meantime the only man who knows where he is going is Mr. Henry Brooke; and he is going on to the bitter end with his Rent Bill.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Challenge in India

THE fact that a hundred million of Indian men and women, of all castes from Brahmins to Untouchables, of rival religious communities, a high proportion of them illiterate, have voted, with discrimination, without any fuss or disorder, would seem to dispose of the complacent theory that democratic institutions are only suitable to western countries.

The voting has not been formal and streamlined as it is in totalitarian plebiscites. Though Congress has retained a large overall majority in the Lok Sabha (Lower House of the National Assembly), its position has been challenged in more than one of the state legislatures; while in Kerala the Communists, with the support of five sympathetic Independents, are in a position to form a government. The substantial Communist and Socialist votes in several other Indian states are a warning to Congress that it may before long confront a considerable national opposition. They also confirm the view that, whereas the Suez venture has driven India away from the West, Soviet intervention in Hungary has not had the disrupting effect on left-wing groups in Asia that it has in Europe and America.

The Communist victory in Kerala has naturally excited the world's press. It must be seen in perspective. Communists, whose record in India has been more confused and opportunist than in any other part of the world, have, of course, long dreamed of winning a stronghold from which they might try to show how much more effective Communism can be in office than a democratic Socialism or a "Socialistic" Congress. For a while they held Telengana, which was even spoken of as an embryonic Yenan. No such role should be expected of Kerala. The

". . . I'll stop my tests if you stop yours, I'll stop my tests if you stop yours, I'll stop my tests if . . ."

Indian states have substantial independent powers, but they are financially under the thumb of Delhi, bound to conform to the framework of the second Five Year Plan—which has already made an impressive start. Moreover, any state government which is unable to maintain a stable rule may find itself deposed, as was the former Socialist administration in Kerala, and direct "President's administration" put in its place. This would also follow any attempt by a state government to flout the constitution. In the case of Kerala, where the Communists have the narrowest of majorities, they are unlikely to run such risks. Their main object will be to present a highly respectable and constitutional front, designed to demonstrate that in India, Leninism is at least modified by Gandhiism—a view made easier by Moscow's recent reappraisal of Gandhi.

In their election manifesto, Kerala Communists declared their intention to nationalise capitalist industry without compensation in their state. According to the *Hindu*, a spokesman for the new government has now said that their manifesto demanding nationalisation without compensation "only applied to foreign plantations" not to those of Indian nationals, and that the "acquisition of foreign plantations" would be done "without compensation, if possible, and with compensation, if necessary." In short, they have no intention of challenging the Indian constitution.

Mr. Nehru is sharply aware of the anti-western trend of Indian feeling. Kashmir has played no open part in the election, since all Indian parties agree about it. But the effect of the United Nations resolution has added to the strong feelings evoked by the Anglo-French attack on Suez. Indian nationalism has been increased by the belief that the United States and the United Kingdom both voted against India because they regard Pakistan as a base for western imperialism, which may be used to intimidate India as well as the Soviet Union. "For the first time," said Mr. Nehru this week in the Lok Sabha debate, he felt that the question of India's membership of the Commonwealth, "may, some time or other, require further consideration." "Public opinion could not," he added, "be ignored indefinitely; but the decision was not one which should be taken in a spirit of resentment or anger." For the present India should remain in the Commonwealth, "as India's policies were in no way affected by membership." India did not wish to increase the disruptive tendencies in the world, and, after all, the British Commonwealth was showing in Ghana, Malaya and elsewhere, a welcome readiness to abandon the imperialist tradition.

Those sections of the British press which most fervently profess their loyalty to the Commonwealth and yet most enjoy the sport of Nehru-baiting, should pay attention to this passage. It is Nehru's personal influence which curbs the fierce anti-western nationalist forces only just below the surface in India. The Communist victory in Kerala should also be a matter for cautious comment. The growth of a constitutional opposition in India is eminently desirable and, in the circumstances of India today, Communism may have no alternative to constitutional behaviour. The threat from the Left should spur Congress to speedier progress, and India may yet teach Moscow to return to Krushchev's dictum that nations must reach Socialism by roads of their own choosing.

The New Utopia

As the plans for an economic unification of western Europe gradually unfold, there is a growing, if unfocused, fear among Labour supporters that something is being hatched which may further push us back into the pre-war world of economic injustice and hardship. I do not personally think that there is any conscious conspiracy to enshrine the rules of the capitalist game in unbreakable international treaties. But I have little doubt that, as at present conceived, the efforts of the "common marketers" are dangerous for the prosperity of both Britain and Europe as a whole. They are unlikely to cure the terrible economic weakness of Europe before the growing power and technological superiority of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Internally they may well lead to growing political dissension because of the problems set by German technical preponderance. They threaten to aggravate bad relations between East and West by freezing in a rigid economic mould the division of Germany. Last but not least, they would inevitably accelerate the trend towards the dissolution of the Sterling Area.

What then is the basis for the high hopes which have inspired this venture? The economic argument for both the Common Market and the Free Trade Area boils down to the old idea that all would benefit if each country concentrated on the production of what it produces best and obtained the rest of its needs by trade. Now this may not be a bad idea for the Common Market countries. These countries have decided to liberate from restriction the movement not merely of goods, but also of manpower. Thus if one area becomes supreme in the most important or productive industries there is some sort of remedy—even if it is not a pleasant one. People who are in the less favoured area can move, as they moved before the war from South Wales and Tyneside to the midland industrial belt. But such migration, apart from the hardship it inflicts, may not be effective in solving the economic problems of the less favoured area. Prosperity returned to Britain after 1945 when the Labour government deliberately maintained full employment and control over the location of industry; while the south of Italy progressively decayed after its unification with the stronger north and, despite continuing emigration, remains wretchedly poor.

Thus, even when this safety valve exists, the prospects are disquieting. Specialisation could after all mean for large areas specialisation in hewing wood and drawing water. Only planning, technical education and the co-ordination of investment can provide a sure solution. This has been partly and belatedly realised by the French, who have now asked for the entry of their overseas territories into the Common Market and demanded from the other members a contribution to their overseas investment programme. In addition, creditor countries in the Common Market are now supposed to use some of their surplus to help in the economic development of the debtors. These are important, if inadequate, modifications of the purely negative concept of "freeing" movement. But they certainly add to the problems of those countries which, like Britain, wish to associate themselves with the Common Market only to the extent of freeing part of their trade from tariff protection. The problem here is further complicated by the fact that these countries cannot rely on a shift of population for relief from the possibly harsh impact of freer trade. The advantages therefore must be very carefully weighed; and I have little doubt that the outlook for Britain is far from favourable. If it is argued that we should join the new organisation simply because not to join would be worse, then we should at least be aware of the pitfalls.

In the first place the doctrine of "natural aptitudes" is reasonable in the case of unchanging productive capacity: obviously San Remo is better fitted to produce carnations than Hull. But the textbook example in which, for instance, Portugal exchanges wine for cotton goods, is scarcely apposite to the trading pattern of modern industrial countries whose productive capacity is expanding at the rate of anything between two and ten per cent. annually. Such countries may gain far more by maintaining full employment and expanding quickly than by trading freely and slowing down their development. It is clear that Germany in the post-war years has achieved such technical superiority over the rest of Europe as to make nonsense of the textbook principles. Her average expansion is twice that which we have achieved in Britain in our best post-war year. Thus Germany will be able to dictate the pace and Britain would be likely to run quickly into balance of payments difficulties and so be compelled to restrict investment and further increase her inferiority.

It can be argued that these are short-term considerations and that the advantages of freer trade lie in the long run. But in the long run we are all dead. If over a large number of short periods we have to restrict credit and limit production, we shall lose far more than we can possibly gain. The advocates of freer trade admit that, at least in the bigger countries, an increase in the size of markets would not lead to any sudden new methods of production. Indeed they give themselves away on this point by arguing that very little has changed in Europe as a result of the Common Market in steel and coal and that nothing dramatic should be expected from its extension over production as a whole. The long run advantage in fact remains questionable.

This scepticism is reinforced by the fact that the sponsors of the Free Trade Area have now agreed to exclude from it for a number of years the weaker countries such as Greece and Turkey. It is evident that free imports would make the industrialisation of such countries totally impossible. But if Greece and Turkey need to be protected, does not the same argument apply to those (e.g., Italy) whose inferiority to West Germany differs only in degree? Then there is the insistence of the British government that agricultural products are excluded altogether. It is, of course, in these that Europe as a whole, including Britain, could benefit most from free exchange: in this field natural aptitudes really are different. The reason for its exclusion, however, is obvious. If food, drink and tobacco were not excluded, imperial preference would go by the board. This would not matter if we could still rely on the cohesion of the wartime Sterling Area, which was based not on tariffs and preferences, but on restrictions of imports and of payments to outside areas. These restrictions gave us an exceptional degree of preference and secured us markets for half our total exports.

The clash of interest on agricultural exports will certainly be sharp, as Denmark, Holland and Italy at least will press hard for their inclusion in the free trade system. The communiqué published after the recent meeting of the Council of O.E.E.C. contained, among the usual platitudes, one significant passage. "Ways," it said, "must be found to ensure the expansion of trade in agricultural products on a non-discriminatory basis" between "all members of the Free Trade Area."

This is difficult to reconcile with continued imperial preference. No doubt such discrimination against the Sterling Area will happen whether Britain joins the Free Trade Area or not. Nevertheless the effect on the cohesion of the Commonwealth, if Britain does join, is bound to be damaging. Some Sterling Area countries might be induced by special dispensations to join the system; but the Asian countries—above all India, committed as she is to Socialist planning—could not accept even a deferred obligation to abide by these rules.

All these considerations suggest that the New Utopia is unlikely to benefit economically any country in Europe except West Germany. Britain's position, in particular, would be unenviable. In the political field, on the other hand, it is Germany which would be the principal victim. For Russia will never allow the reunification of Germany if West Germany is bound economically, as well as militarily, to western Europe. Is it really to be expected that such a conflict of interest will lead to the emergence of a strong and united Europe? In these circumstances one is bound to ask why all these plans are being pursued when they are so full of danger and so empty of promise. Who, after all, is to benefit? One answer is the clerical regimes in Italy, France and West Germany. A reunification of Germany would be above all a setback to Catholic hegemony on the continent of Europe. A second likely beneficiary is free enterprise. Under the scheme it would become far more difficult to plan the economic destiny of any single participant. It is significant that no safeguards are contemplated in the longer term for countries which, because of their domestic and social policies, get into balance of payments difficulties. We are still exhorted to have faith in global monetary controls or in devaluation. But the present strikes in Britain show that monetary controls can be effective only when, as in pre-war days, they lead to unemployment and a cessation of investment; while devaluation—which would have to be repeated if the basic cause were not at once cured—would be as inimical to investment planning for the whole of the Free Trade Area as the tariffs it would replace.

Britain has still enough influence to check the present drift towards political and economic insecurity: the treaty has yet to be ratified. But we must not be content with a purely negative opposition. The dangers in the scheme as it stands can be met at two points: first there must be some prior agreement on the reunification of Germany; secondly we must at all costs insist that the Common Market itself, and the Free Trade Area, should contain positive safeguards to establish a balance between the participants by increasing rather than reducing the investment of the weaker members. A liberalisation of the European payments scheme (abandoning payments in gold) and the establishment of a central investment bank are the least we must ask for. And such measures must be accompanied by the direction and planned financing of investment. Britain's main concern—lamentably neglected in turn by Mr. Butler, Mr. Macmillan and now, apparently, by Mr. Thorneycroft—is to increase our investment, to restore our capacity to lend overseas (above all to underdeveloped countries which cannot rapidly repay the capital) and to strengthen our gold and dollar reserves. This cannot be done by the "magical" act of entering the Free Trade Area. That would be little more than the unsuccessful attempt of the unsuccessful competitor to improve his position by changing the rules of the race.

THOMAS BALOGH

London Diary

THE official wallahs are trotting out all the familiar, mildewed answers about H-bomb tests. Mr. Macmillan has even produced a new one—the "housemaid's baby" defence—that ours won't matter much because they will be kept as small as possible. Of course it's true that three more tests in the Christmas Islands will not kill more people than you can see killed any week in the London streets; that we are still quite a long way off the world danger from radio-active fall-out, and that it is no use making bombs if we don't test them. But can officialdom not see that sensible and informed, as well as merely sentimental, people believe that this is a crucial moment, and that if we add to the number of powers testing nuclear bombs it makes agreement more difficult? Before many years are past, quite minor powers will have their atomic stocks. One needn't take Bulganin's bluster over-seriously to appreciate that if the powers miss their chance of controlling nuclear explosions now, they can never hope to do so when Nasser and two-a-penny dictators in Latin-American countries are all armed with atomic weapons.

* * *

Dedicated to its sacred task of undermining the Labour Party's new unity, the Tory press has made as much as it can of Mr. Robens's mild complaint that Nye Bevan "poaches" during Questions. I have heard similar complaints on the tennis court when the more brilliant player at the net takes the ball off his partner's racket—and sometimes smashes it into the net. The only importance of the incident is that the Labour Party, in attempting a more efficient rationing of its task as an Opposition, may be rather too rigid in allocating jobs. Behind the scenes its backroom boys are very properly working like good little beavers on policy documents which will appear before the annual conference in September; but it must be remembered that spontaneity in the House is also important. Suez brought the whole team to life. There are other issues, including, for instance, rents and armaments, which should not be too much monopolised by chosen spokesmen. If Robens can feel affronted, keen back-benchers may have more cause to complain of lack of opportunity.

* * *

The Suez bomb has blown us back into the Thirties. First there was Paul Johnson's *Suez War*, rushed out in record time, then there was a "Penguin Special," and now, to complete the picture, there is once again a yellow-backed Gollancz book called *Guilty Men* by Michael Foot! I can hear the exclamations from the pre-war politically conscious generation who still have stacks of books that look just like this somewhere or other on undusted shelves. The difference this time is that the "guilty men" are those of 1957; the cartoons are by Vicky (some of them from this journal), and Michael Foot's collaborators are not Frank Owen and Peter Howard, but Mervyn Jones. And the price is 12s. 6d. instead of 5s. I suppose the title for this vigorous piece of pamphleteering about Suez was irresistible. But it gives a wrong impression, because the book is a serious study of the events of last summer and autumn, not a mere diatribe against Sir Anthony Eden and his colleagues. It recalls, too, a remark of Lord Attlee about Michael Foot, who, he said, had inherited from his Puritan forebears a tendency to see personal devils all over the place. The part that I fancy will be most useful is the background material about past British imperialism in Egypt. The authors remind us of Britain's indefensible record in Egypt—it is this that originally gave Nasser his power over the Egyptian public mind—and of our repeated promises to evacuate Egypt. It is useful to recall that our right to demand a special position in the Canal Zone rests on nothing except that we bought 45 per cent of the shares after it was built against British advice. I suppose we need a new Left Book Club to see that this type of hard-hitting but well-informed topical book reaches a public which does not in the ordinary way buy books.

* * *

I remember feeling rather sorry for Mr. William Bunting, of Thorne, in Yorkshire, when the local authority ordered him to get rid of his carefully built-up menagerie of "beetles." Mr. Bunting is a disabled man, and in his little council house he did research on cockroaches. "Not beetles," he told the rural district council; so they forcibly turned him out, apparently for arguing, although he did in fact turn his beloved cockroaches out first. When he sued for damages for wrongful eviction before Mr. Justice Hallett, he got such an unfair hearing that the whole case is now to be tried again. The judge interrupted counsel and witnesses throughout the trial, in "a deplorable atmosphere"; he even went so far as to say, when Mr. Bunting wanted to "affirm" as a freethinker instead of taking the oath, "and no morals either." In spite of what Lord Justice Denning said about him, I don't find it possible to feel at all sorry for Mr. Justice Hallett, though I remember only one other case in which a senior judge of the High Court has had such a carpeting in the Court of Appeal. Oddly enough, this happened on the same day, in the same court—and again the Judge was Mr. Justice Hallett. This time the trial was so strange that both sides appealed—the National Coal Board and Mrs. Mary Jones of Wrexham, whose husband was killed in January 1953 when the roof of a coal-mine collapsed. If Mr. Justice Hallett asked me to paraphrase what the Court of Appeal said about him on Monday, I should put it in Goldsmith's words: "The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them." Lord Justice Denning preferred Francis Bacon: "Patience and gravity of hearing is an essential part of justice; and an over-speaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal." I call this an understatement.

* * *

President Magsaysay, whose funeral was the occasion for a vast demonstration of Filipino affection, was in some ways the most successful of the national leaders who came to the top in Asian countries after the defeat of Japan in 1945. He was not handicapped by a western occupation, since the Americans took their troops away without delay. He defeated the Communist Hukbalahaps in the field, but his speedy success was really due, not to military prowess, but to his understanding of the peasantry from which he himself sprang. He used the army against the landlords; he sent army lawyers into the courts to defend the tenants against eviction by rapacious landlords. The Huks (including some of their leaders who had been ordered to assassinate him) deserted to Magsaysay in large numbers because, after all, he was carrying out the very land reforms which the Communists were rightly advocating. As the Philippine Ambassador in London wrote last week in a memoir of Magsaysay: "If the Huk movement was reduced from its own estimate of one million guerillas and sympathisers to the present army estimate of less than one thousand, it was done mainly by a policy which sought to redress the grievances and satisfy the ambitions of the peasants."

People who were Madeleine Robinson's close friends tell me that she was lonely. I should never have thought this possible in so busy and selfless a woman, but the deaths of such people do bring round constant reminders of the isolation that we all live in. Her 20 years' chairmanship of the West London Juvenile Court comes to an end at a time when the whole purpose and structure of these courts is undergoing reconsideration by a Home Office committee (on which, no doubt, she would have been asked to serve had she been well) and I should expect that a lot of her own views, which tended to become the views of so many other people, will be reflected in the forthcoming changes. But I wonder how many people remember her work on the Home Office committee that controlled the administration of Defence Regulation 18B? If ever there was a need for the cool sanity that she brought to all her interests, it was at the meetings where those internments were discussed and recommended. However many other committees she served on I suppose no one person ever knew, but I am certain that she both enlivened and steadied them all.

* * *

I am sure that the Queen will not agree with Sir Cecil Harcourt that Lord Altrincham was "definitely off-side" in bringing her name into the controversy about the colour bar in the Victoria League of which she is patron. She is the symbol of Commonwealth unity and very conscious that she has more "coloured" than "white" subjects. No worse service could be done to the crown than to allow Asian and African members of the Commonwealth to believe that *Apartheid* is official policy in Britain. Lord Altrincham has taken on a bonny fight; I expect to hear him reply that to associate the Queen with a colour bar is "not cricket."

* * *

A correspondent, noting the reasons given for Smith's refusal to handle Randolph Churchill's *What I Said About the Press*, sends me the reply which the Times Library in Wigmore Street sent to him when he asked to borrow the book. It reads: "We must confirm with regret the book has not been taken in the Library, as it was published in a type of binding unsuitable for circulation."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

We were fed up with England, and thought Casablanca would be a nice place to go to live. We nearly fainted with fright when we found the place full of Arabs.—Report in *Daily Express*. (M. N.)

But at Blenheim Palace, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are not expecting petrol to affect business. In fact, the biggest worry at the moment is whether a golden Espresso machine, being specially made for the palace, will arrive in time for the seasonal opening of the palace.—*Yorkshire Post*. (R. Emmett.)

Mrs. Macleod, wife of Britain's busiest (Labour) Minister, leaned forward to pour the tea, gazed out at the mist settling over her Enfield home, and told me: "It's been an exasperating week. Trade unions do discourage women so."—*Daily Sketch*. (H. Murray.)

Petrol rationing over?—Mercedes-Benz 220, 1956 model, 9,000 mileage; all modern conveniences; £1,745; naturalized English gentleman buying Bentley.—Advert. in *The Times*. (L. G. Buxton.)

Government by Paratroop

IF you go to France on holiday this summer, and you want to enjoy yourself, don't read the French papers. I say this because, during a recent visit, I found that the press is at last beginning to publish the occasional uneasy story about what is really going on in Algeria. Frenchmen themselves are developing the habit of skimming lightly over the news pages and then burying themselves gratefully in the *faits divers*. Of course, the better-informed among them have been vaguely aware for some time that M. Mollet has washed his hands of Algeria, that he has given Robert Lacoste, his Minister-Resident, a blank cheque, that Lacoste has, to all intents and purposes, handed over the job of "pacification" to General Massu and his paratroopers, that these gentlemen, back from Suez in an unsatisfied mood, are only too anxious to square things with *les melons*, whether Egyptians or Algerians, and that in consequence there has been a sharp decline of terrorist incidents, at any rate in Algiers.

Most Frenchmen (and that goes for the Communist, too) are glad to hear it. Nevertheless, there is a dark side to the moon, and the papers are beginning to reflect it. A dark side expressed not merely in terms of francs ("pacification" is now costing nearly £400 million a year) but in less tangible national assets. Some of the reservists, recalled to take part in this operation, have now returned, and are talking. And thoughtful people, who listen to their stories, are beginning to wonder whether something isn't happening to France, whether the exigencies of fighting a war of shadows against nine million civilians are not changing the national character in some fundamental and irreversible way. One of them, M. Pierre-Henri Simon, has just produced a little book, *Contre La Torture*, in which he ventilates these fears. To Simon, a non-political Catholic and a reserve officer, the Algerian war has led France to fall a "victim to Hitler," to succumb to the psychological forces which, in the 20th century, have led to "the re-establishment of torture as a legitimate and defensible weapon," to embrace the principle that, in a war of one people against another, the soldier's job is not to fight battles but to act as an unlicensed policeman, to *faire peur, faire parler*. "Should we accept this?" he asks, and answers:

> Even if it were proved that torture produces results, I would still say that it is criminal, that it is intolerable because it stains our national honour, that it is mortal in the way that a sin is mortal, that it sears and destroys the very basis of our authority. By employing it we suffer a defeat more intimate and inexorable than the destruction of an army, and for all time.

It seems strange that a Frenchman should have to ask this question, stranger still that he should have to spell out the answer. Moreover, as Simon points out, his compatriots can no longer take refuge in the German formula that "they did not know." Government by paratroops leaves traces which, since M. Mollet has not yet imposed a complete censorship on the press, cannot always be concealed. M. Simon quotes the case of a leading Arab citizen of Constantine:

> I was arrested by the army and immediately after taken to C——. My interrogation began on Saturday at 10, in the presence of a colonel, two majors and a captain. It lasted 57 hours and was conducted, for the most part, by a major. In the course of it, I underwent the following tortures: (1) Electric shocks on the fingers and ears. (2) Immersion in a bath. (3) Whipping on the soles of the feet and sexual organs. (4) Electric shocks on the sexual organs. The electric generator, it should be noted, was worked by a captain.

There is abundant evidence that such incidents are not isolated examples of brutality by exasperated soldiers; that there is organisation, complex equipment, an atmosphere of *routine*. *France-Observateur* recently published the testimony of an Arab schoolteacher from Algiers:

> They wrapped me up in a damp sack and tied me firmly to a ladder. Somebody called Ali, whose family had apparently been killed by the fellagha in Kabylie, was brought into the room and told that I was the "client" he was to "look after," but that the "patron" wanted me kept alive. Ali, armed with a hose-pipe, began to pump water into my mouth and nostrils. . . . Inspector Maurice had a truncheon three feet long and three inches wide. I was beaten on the knees and arms. The inspectors warned me that if I wished to talk I had only to lift the index finger of my left hand. At that moment, they began to give me electric shocks on my sexual organs. . . .

Another case, also from Algiers:

> I cannot describe properly the electrical instrument used on my skin, but it was round in shape. . . . It was applied on my stomach, haunches, knees, elbows, left shoulder, ankles, kidneys, tips of my fingers, on a scar on my left leg, and even on my anus and genitals. . . .

There are many such instances, often unprintable. Doubtless some are exaggerated, or even pure fabrication. But all journalists who have visited Algeria agree that they contain a solid basis of truth, that torture is being systematically applied by both the police and the army, and with the connivance of the authorities at the highest level. Whether they can publish what they know, however, is another matter. Even *Le Monde*, whose record in such respects is generally good, admits that it exercises a "relative discretion" on this subject. M. Mollet does not hesitate to use the very wide powers at his disposal to seize or suppress newspapers which break the conspiracy of silence. He has smashed *L'Espoir*, Algeria's last liberal paper. He has seized entire issues of newspapers ranging from *L'Humanité* to *La Croix*, the extreme right-wing Catholic daily. Most French papers operate on a shoe-string. The loss of an edition is a financial disaster; if repeated, it can be fatal. Even courageous editors and single-minded proprietors have to face the fact that survival comes first and, in consequence, operate a self-imposed censorship.

Indeed, if one's first reaction, on reading what France is doing in Algeria, is to condemn the entire nation, on reflection one is more inclined to admire the few who still have the courage to protest. They exist, and they are beginning to find their voice. Some of them, of course, are

"Socialist!"

beyond the reach even of M. Mollet. The cardinals and archbishops of France, who met recently in conclave and who forthrightly condemned not only terrorist acts but the brutalities of the government, could speak with impunity. Others are less safe. Lacoste has waged a particularly degrading campaign against the Catholic liberals in Algeria, most of whom are now in prison, and he has not scrupled to arrest priests—despite protests from the hierarchy—who exercise the Christian virtue of giving shelter to fugitives. There are, too, the dwindling band of intellectuals who still believe in Mendès-France. M. Hovnanian, for instance, the young Radical deputy appointed to the inter-party commission (Communists, of course, excluded) which Mollet set up to refute charges of torture in Algeria. Naturally, its findings were pure white-wash—the incidents examined had all taken place three months before, and the deputies were merely taken on a junket by the authorities—but Hovnanian exposed the manœuvre by refusing to sign the report and by giving his reasons.

There is also M. Servan-Schreiber, the editor of *L'Express*—another example of a scheme of M. Mollet's which blew up in his face. Last July, Mollet, infuriated by *L'Express*' attacks, recalled its editor as a reservist and pitched him into Algeria to cool his heels. In doing so, however, he gave Servan-Schreiber a priceless opportunity to see the Algerian war from the inside. He is now back in France and his long and brilliant report of his experiences, serialised in *L'Express*, is by far the most damaging indictment of Mollet's policy yet to appear. Servan-Schreiber avoids the debate on torture and concentrates instead on the actual conduct of the military operations. The story he tells burns with the folly and shame and savagery of the war. He explains how extremist settler groups infiltrate trigger-happy commandos into army units. How Arab villagers are terrorised into flight, and then shot down for fleeing as "suspects." How generals, who visit the danger-zones only by helicopter, wipe out entire villages by aerial bombardment in order to produce the inflated communiqués of "rebels destroyed," by which alone they are judged by the government.

It is a terrible narrative and it has evoked from the Ministry of Defence an instantaneous and shrill scream of anger. The Minister, echoing the old cry that "the real enemies are not at the front but in Paris," is now prosecuting Servan-Schreiber for "undermining the morale of the army." But he has a difficult case to make out, particularly since many officers have already endorsed the articles. Only last week, a group of them on active service in Algeria, published a protest:

> It is easy to write orders at the higher echelons, but we have to translate them into the shameful facts. Those of us who are zealous could find ourselves arraigned as war criminals before a military tribunal . . . even the best of us risk losing our sensibilities, our honour and our faith. . . . Many officers, with distinguished careers, are expressing their moral despair at some of the anti-terrorist operations. . . . The civil authorities, incapable of carrying out political intelligence work or dispensing justice, have found it convenient to confide these revolting tasks to the soldiers who, in consequence, expose themselves to the charge of cruelty. . . .

Meanwhile, "pacification" goes on. Since beginning this article, the news has reached me that Maître Boumendjel, a prominent Algiers barrister, whom I knew as a moderate and conciliatory exponent of Algerian nationalism, has (according to the authorities) committed suicide after six weeks of "interrogation" by the paratroops. His old teacher, M. René Capitant, Professor of Law at the Sorbonne, has suspended his lectures in protest. There is just a chance that the publicity this incident has received will force the government to take action. But I doubt it. Revelations about the use of torture, or indeed about anything else, are unlikely to disturb M. Mollet. He has now been in office longer than any other Premier since the war, and his most treasured possession, they say, is an enormous calendar, on which he ticks off the days. Betrayals of the letter and the spirit, cataclysmic errors of judgment, military and diplomatic defeats—he stands convicted of all these. But he has on his side one invincible weapon: political arithmetic. This week the Assembly is due to give him another vote of confidence. So long as the 200 Communist and Poujadist deputies continue to narrow the margin of choice to a government of the Centre, and so long as the Right finds it convenient to allow Mollet to carry out their policies, he is likely to remain where he is. That astute political analyst Maurice Duverger even calculates that Mollet has a chance to survive until the next elections. At long last, in short, France has achieved ministerial stability: the stability of exhaustion, despair, resignation, perhaps; the stability, if you like, of Massu's paratroopers; but stability all the same. Her Atlantic partners can breathe sighs of relief. The Queen can visit Paris without worrying whether there will be a Premier to receive her at the Matignon. The Israelis can rejoice that they have at last found not only "a real friend" but a fairly durable one. But I find it difficult to suppress a slight shiver of apprehension when I hear English people say that the one good thing about Suez is that it at least brought us closer to our ancient and noble ally across the Channel. And I repeat: if you want to enjoy your holiday in France, don't read the papers.

PAUL JOHNSON

Fleet Street Notebook

TO-DAY is by way of being a significant anniversary date in British journalism. Just 50 years ago on March 29 in the Acorn Hotel, Birmingham, the National Union of Journalists was born.

The N.U.J. has just issued an admirable *Jubilee History* (O.U.P., 10s. 6d.) telling of this event and the hard struggles that followed. It provides a good opportunity to take a look at the present position of working journalists in the newspaper industry, and more particularly at the extent to which they can properly be regarded as carrying their due share of responsibility for seeing to it that standards of honest journalism are not lost in the still developing commercialisation of the press. The early days of the N.U.J. were naturally and inevitably mainly occupied with the fight for decent wages and conditions.

The opening years of the 20th century were great days for the eminent members of the profession who wrote leading articles and dined with Cabinet ministers. Such men as J. A. Spender, John Morley, Frederick Greenwood and E. T. Cook, had a prestige and an influence within the world of politics and affairs such as only a few have equalled since. They were less good days for the rank-and-file of the profession, who were expected to live bohemian or shabby-genteel lives on wages of not much more than 30s. a week. The chasm between the editorial writer, the maker of opinion, and the plain working newspaper man, the reporter and the sub-editor, the man who gets the news and the god who discourses on it, which was for a long time one of the curses and weaknesses of British journalists and still lingers in some offices, was then at its worst.

This malady has never afflicted the American press where the most eminent are proud to call and think of themselves as reporters. But it did a good deal of harm to British journalism at one time and the N.U.J. deserves a good deal of the credit for curing it by its efforts to improve the status and pay of the ordinary working journalist upon whom in the end the success of all newspapers depends. But although the N.U.J. had to concern itself first with pay and conditions—and still has to—in an occupation where the difficulties of organisation are complicated by the unreadiness of many to make up their minds whether they are members of a profession or an industry, it has never concerned itself with such matters alone. If, guided by a few devoted and self-sacrificing people it has fought hard and with remarkable success for the material well-being of its members, it has never forgotten to have an interest at the same time in their professional souls. It has very properly been much concerned with the education and training of journalists and was the prime mover in a scheme which, although still capable of much development, now embraces some 70 per cent. of the weekly and suburban papers in England and Wales—Scotland gangs at its own gait in this matter. And although it is by the nature of things the national press which tends to get most of the publicity—in this column as elsewhere—no one should ever forget the importance to society of good local newspapers staffed by able, intelligent and independently minded journalists.

Apart from education and training, the N.U.J. has also concerned itself, often in the face of a good deal of cynicism, with the defence and improvement of professional standards through a code of conduct aimed at rooting out practices likely to bring journalism in disrepute. Indeed, by an interesting coincidence, its jubilee almost coincides with a heartening demonstration of its disciplinary powers in this respect—the imposition of a fine of £40 on a member "for conduct detrimental to the interests of the N.U.J." This arose out of what certainly seems, on such evidence as I have been given, an extremely well-justified complaint by a hospital authority, whose willingness to co-operate to the fullest justifiable extent with newspapers was repaid by the attempt of a photographer to force his way into the hospital and take a photograph of a woman on the danger list. This is not the first occasion on which the N.U.J. has invoked rules which permit a maximum penalty of a fine of £50 or expulsion for a breach of its code of conduct. But it is the heaviest fine so far inflicted and indicates that the union takes its responsibilities seriously.

That it should do so is to the public advantage as well as to that of decent members of the profession. Of recent years there has tended to grow up what I can myself only regard as the damnable heresy of the lack of responsibility of the individual journalist. It has been argued that, because the journalist on the staff of a newspaper is a paid employee, he has no option but to do what he is told and cannot be held responsible for breaches of good taste, honest reporting or plain ordinary human decency committed in carrying out instructions which he may not like but must obey on fear of losing his job. Of course, a large measure of responsibility for the worst excesses of the worst kind of newspapers must be with their proprietors and editors. But

the ordinary working journalist has a responsibility too. If he wants public respect he must be prepared to accept it even at some risk. He must, if occasion arises, be ready to stand up and be counted just as surely as did those, the known and the unknown, who were ready to make sacrifices for their fidelity to the principles of the freedom of the press in earlier times. The N.U.J. in its way—as the Press Council in an allied one—can provide the counterbalance to proprietorial demands which demean and weaken the whole of journalism. That it should be prepared to do so is a heartening sign that it celebrates its jubilee with strength and courage.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

An English Eccentric

C. K. OGDEN, known to the world as the ingenious inventor of Basic English, was the least obvious of men. He revealed his strange erudition in a whisper, and twinkled his disconcerting theories from behind unrevealing, rimless glasses. I am grateful for the cynical comments with which he brushed off much of my loose, sentimental fluff when I was an undergraduate. He made a mystery of everything about himself; and if, as I believe, he had a fierce intellectual passion to save mankind from destruction, he took care that no one should imagine he thought it worth saving.

In the First World War he became notorious as the founder and editor of the *Cambridge Magazine*—a debunking, pacifist, periodical which infuriated the Blimps by regularly quoting extracts from the German press to show that not all Germans wanted to fight to the bitter end. Mysteriously he had acquired four—at one time I think five—shop premises in some of the most eligible sites in Cambridge. (According to one characteristic story he retorted to an M.P. named Butcher who tried and failed to get the *Cambridge Magazine* suppressed by painting its name from one of these shops and substituting the words "The Butchery.") Once I asked him why he kept four book-shops and he replied: "They are good advertisements for the *Cambridge Magazine*." A baffling reply, for his magazine had by that time become an exceedingly highbrow and irregularly published quarterly.

I and some of my equally impertinent friends formed ourselves into a secret "Association For The Investigation of the Sources of Ogden's Income." Our researches, which did not last over a long period, produced one or two curious results. We concluded that Ogden had not inherited any substantial patrimony and we accepted as an explanation of his always faultless dress the story that he had been rigged out, regardless of expense, by an American millionaire who had first sent him to inquire into technical education in Germany and then, well satisfied with the result, taken him, as well as his beautiful daughter, as a guide and philosopher on a world tour. His friends, who had said goodbye to him in the assurance that his fortune was made, were disconcerted when he returned, uncommunicative as ever, having travelled only as far as India, with nothing to show for the trip except a splendid wardrobe of silk shirts, expensive suits and brown suede shoes. We got, I think, rather nearer the mark in our researches when we discovered that he relied not on the casual sale of books, but on supplying rarities to American libraries. He was also the editor of the famous Kegan Paul series on philosophy and sociology, one of which was the important con-

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tribution to semantics, *The Meaning of Meaning*, which he wrote with Professor I. A. Richards.

At least one of his shops had a useful secondary purpose. The walls of one room were hung with the galleys of this book so that the authors could conveniently move their chairs to the neighbourhood of the chapter on which they were working. Supplies of bananas and biscuits were kept about the place and there was a handy gas-ring for the brewing of cocoa. At one time the Heretics, a society of which he was the principal founder, met in this house. The Heretics sprang from a revolt against compulsory chapel; it demonstrated that undergraduates, who resented the formality of college chapel, would willingly discuss philosophic and religious topics in a non-religious atmosphere. It was a great society in those days. Ogden took the chair, while people as eminent as Jane Harrison and Lytton Strachey discussed, without inhibitions, the origins of religion, sex, and other inviting topics. On one occasion Ogden and Richards opened a symposium which was part of their fruitful work on semantics. It began, I recall, "When Shelley wrote 'Hail to thee, blythe spirit, Bird thou never wert,' he was not denying that the lark belongs to the *genus avis*." But even these august discussions were surrounded by mystery, since the stairs and the walls of the room in which we sat were decorated with printed notices in blue and white which ran enigmatically

Onions, carrots, turnips
Cabbages, potatoes, parsnips.

I never found the meaning of this private joke.

Ogden invented, as a convenient wartime pseudonym for himself, a lady named Adeline Moore. He would occasionally reveal details of this lady's career; and he finally married her off, supplying, if I remember rightly, a discreetly unrevealing photograph of the occasion. He reviewed a pacifist anthology over his own initials, which ended something like this: "This is a strange collection. It contains extracts from Isaiah and St. Francis, Erasmus and Asoka, but none from J. Christ or Adeline Moore."

The climax of Ogden's career was reached when Winston Churchill precipitately embraced Basic English. It was Ogden's greatest contribution to what he describes in *Who's Who* as "Debabelization." War could not be stopped by a pacifist attack; but to persuade people to talk a common language would be a really substantial step towards a common humanity. Having carefully considered advocating Basic Chinese on the grounds that more people talk Chinese than any other language, he set to work, scientifically, to create a usable English in which everything practically necessary could be said in 850 words. Basic English made great strides in the Thirties, and it is still, in my view, a more fruitful idea than any of the contrived universal languages.

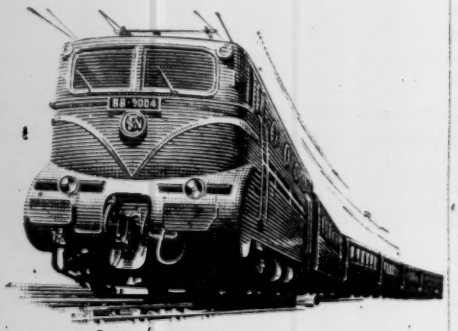
Ogden regarded it not as a substitute for literature but as an auxiliary language in which, with the necessary addition of technical words, scientists and other people with international outlook could very quickly learn to communicate. Winston Churchill's imagination was fired, but the Ministry of Education was unimpressed. This is how Ogden tells the story in his entry in *Who's Who*:

Gave evidence, October 1943 before Committee of Ministers established by Mr. Churchill on Basic English (Cmd. 6511, of 9 March 1944); bedevilled by officials, 1944-46; requested to assign General Basic Copyright to Crown (June 1946); Founder, The Basic English Foundation, with grant from Ministry of Education, April 1947.

This entry does not hide Ogden's bitter disappointment, nor was he appeased by receiving a large sum for the sale of his copyright and library of books on orthography and semantics.

In London, of course, Ogden did not find one house enough. He had to find room for countless books as well as for a vast collection of musical boxes and other rare objects of artistic and scientific interest. He specialised too in finger-paintings, whose psychological value it was his peculiar love to expound. Above all he collected time-pieces of various historical periods. He enjoyed their chimes and tickings, as he enjoyed all noises for which he was himself responsible. At one time he used to work with the radio at full blast, explaining that this had the advantage of excluding all other extraneous sounds. He became a connoisseur of food and even more of wine. He was a member of six West End clubs where the attentive audiences he gathered around him at nights will greatly miss him. For me he will always remain the first chapter of a book I shall never write on "Great English Eccentrics of Our Time." It is a delightful book to write in my head.

KINGSLEY MARTIN



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Meet the Mummers

HERE it is again, the world's most emotional reference book.* Its treasures are endless, inexhaustible. Once take the plunge and you are lost, buried in it as deeply as Sir Thomas Bertram in the Baronetage. Other *Who's Whos* have their attractions—the *Almanach de Gotha* is fun and the Foreign Office List has its points—but this is the greatest *Who's Who* of them all, nothing less than the pure milk of the Profession. "It tells," so this journal wrote of the eleventh edition, "of stars shooting and stationary, of careers nipped in the bud, of unmatured promise and late success, of the madness of art and the vagaries of the box office." A lot of water has flowed under the bridges of the British theatre since 1951 and Mr. John Parker, the son of the original compiler and editor, must have had a hard time keeping up with it all—as his synopsis of London playbills over the last five years proves.

Obviously, he could not hope to be one hundred per cent. successful. Mr. Owen Holder and Mr. Sandy (Harrow and Oriel) Wilson are both here but Mr. John Whiting, Mr. John Osborne and Mr. Angus Wilson are all surprisingly absent. Mr. T. C. Worsley himself makes no appearance, and though Miss Mary Ure and Miss Dorothy Tutin ("*Address:* 'Undine,' c/o the Chelsea Yacht and Boat Co., Cheyne Walk, Battersea Bridge") both figure, several of our cleverest young actresses fail to take a bow. (Where on earth is Miss Jill Bennett?) "As in previous editions," Mr. Parker writes ominously, "the names of many persons who have made no appearance for some years have been removed from the biographical section and transferred to the appropriate index which precedes it." I can never read those words without a shudder.

The section on "Actresses and the Peerage" still makes wonderful reading. It somehow expresses everything one feels about the English theatre—its snobbery, its triviality, its egregious and engaging silliness, its ruthless determination to lift itself out of the old-fashioned rogue and vagabond rut and achieve a conventional upper middle-class lady-and-gentleman status. "From first to last," Mr. Parker tells us "... fifty actresses have married peers, representing seven Dukes including a royal one, three Marquises, eighteen Earls, four Viscounts and seventeen Barons. Four of the peers married before succession and 34 after. Two of the peers, Viscount Torrington and the Duke of Leinster, twice married actresses. Four of the peers ... were at one time actors." The fashion, he goes on, "was set by the 3rd Earl of Peterborough ... who married as his second wife Anastasia Robinson, the singer. The exact year is doubtful and there is no record of the ceremony...."

Though there are several new features, this is in some ways an austerity edition of Mr. Parker's great work. The actual number of pages has shrunk (1,722 instead of 2,071 in 1952) and—impious sacrilege!—the editor has dropped the famous 'genealogical tables. Those 90 pages of theatrical Proustiana—the Batemans, the Blanches, the Boucicaults, the Brandons ("see also the du Maurier table"), the Broughs, the Calthrops, the Calverts, the Comptons, the Courtneidges and "the Cookes of Circus Fame"—"the Cookes claim connection with the family of Coke (pronounced Cooke) the Earls of Leicester"—such ramifying descents were the quintessence of Parker. (My favourite key dynast is Secundus Bancroft White Butterfield, oil merchant of Rotherhithe and father of Sir Squire Bancroft-Bancroft, 1841-1826.) In a magisterial preamble to the 100 "Hereditary Theatrical Families," the late Mr. J. M. Bulloch wrote that "theatrical biography is exceedingly difficult to trace because of the players' fundamental discinclination to deal in anything so concrete as facts and dates, while birth certificates, especially in the case of older actors, are almost impossible to get. In some cases the player shows a natural dislike of any inquiry into his origins, because there are

* *Who's Who in the Theatre*. Compiled and Edited by JOHN PARKER. *Pitman*. £5 5s.

strains of illegitimacy. Let me say here that while I have not, in the case of living players or their descendants, indicated by the conventional dotted line these illegitimate descents, I am perfectly well aware of them." The importance of Miss Frieze (see the Kemble table) the fact that although Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's favourite part was Macbeth, he was in fact directly descended from King Duncan, the intricacies of "The Gladys Cooper Group"—it includes Wordsworth, Elizabeth Fry, Gibbon Wakefield, Sir Francis Galton and Mr. Robert Morley—this whole heap of esoteric lore now goes by default. Fortunately, some of us still have our eleventh editions.

A collation with earlier volumes gives one some idea of the way things have been going. It is good to see how Sir Laurence Olivier's club life has expanded since 1939; to the Garrick and the Green Room have been added "Buck's, Boodles and the Beefsteak." Westminster, Charterhouse and St. Paul's are still the most fertile nurseries of theatrical talent, the Savage continues to take the largest toll of theatrical clubmen in middle age. Mr. Hugh Wakefield, in a photo-finish with Mr. Ronald Squire, is still the Number One Player—Toff: I compute that he has three Dukes, three Barons, five Hons. and half-a-dozen foreign titles to his credit. Mr. Robert Speaight towers head and shoulders above all mummers, past and present, for his range of ecclesiastical roles. He has played St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Chad and St. Thomas à Becket, Herod, Elijah, and Bunyan's Christian, Titus Oates, Archbishop Cranmer and Cardinal Pole; one reads his entry, as James Agate remarked of Lilian Braithwate, "in a voice that is commonly reserved for the Litany."

Genealogies apart, all the old chestnuts appear—including the wonderful "Theatrical Wills" section, with its breathtaking inegalities: Lady Mendl (Elsie de Wolfe) and her £893,000, W. C. Fields's quarter-million, Fred Karno's 42 quid and J. Russell Pickering's fiver. The débuts—everyone popped into a property basket before they have learnt to speak—are still great fun, though none comes up to Miss Olive Sloane's opening flourish: "made her first appearance at the age of eight at various Masonic banquets, under the name of Baby Pearl; subsequently appeared in music halls, where she specialised in clog dancing; later she appeared, with a partner, as the Sisters Love . . . toured on the Continent with 'Jeff's Juggling Girls'; appeared at the London Pavilion (1912) . . . in *Oh Mollie*. . . ."

Mr. Alan Dent's hobbies remain "serendipity and cribbage" and the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, continues to seat 1,700. The "Height to take Cloths up Out of Sight" at the New Lindsey is still "nil," the width of the proscenium opening at the Arts Theatre stays fixed at 20 feet, 6 inches. Mr. Bransby Williams still sticks to it that he was "originally intended to become a missionary." *Plus ça change?* Alas, if it only were so. But one by one the lights of the English theatre are going out: just as much as the unoccupied King's, Hammersmith (now a TV studio), this shrunken and attenuated *Who's Who* is a symbol of a dear, dead world that is rapidly disappearing. The bouquets, the dressers and stage doormen, the sprightly call boys, the weird provincial orchestras, the Number One dressing rooms, the Number Two dates, the long Sundays waiting about on Crewe platform—all the magic that Miss Antonia White has put into her various theatre novels, is on the way out. To one who dislikes theatre-going but grew up in the theatre and reveres its *mystique*, the disappearance of its pieties and hierarchies is a saddening spectacle.

JOHN RAYMOND

The Arts and Entertainment

Evviva St. Pancras

LOCAL authorities are always being badgered to do something for the arts; so let us raise a cheer when one of them takes positive action. The Borough of St. Pancras has just concluded an Arts Festival which lasted a month and was nothing if not comprehensive, ranging from Drama and Films through the spirited jazz of Mr. Humphrey Lyttelton to the exalted heights of *opera seria*. It is quite an achievement to have presented within three weeks professional performances of both Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito* and Handel's *Alcina;* Edinburgh can show nothing comparable. Admittedly the Borough did not itself originate these two productions, which were the work of the Impresario Society and the Handel Opera Society respectively; but it welcomed and fostered them, and housed them in the St. Pancras Assembly Rooms, which happen to be a good deal cosier and more cheerful than the usual spots chosen for such activities. There were good houses; and, especially during the Handel opera, scenes of remarkable enthusiasm.

Both operas were sensibly and imaginatively produced by Anthony Besch, and in both Monica Sinclair gave accomplished performances in what used to be called "breeches parts," for which she seems to have a particular talent. Her clear, forthright contralto sounded just right for Mozart's Sestus (a part written for a female voice); as Handel's Bradamante (not a male role, but a female character who spends the whole action in male disguise) she stopped the show in a brilliant and rapid vengeance aria, after which the applause went on for so long that the *da capo* section had to be repeated. It was delightful to hear this irresistible outburst of pleasure coming from the sort of audience which has been wrongly and incessantly lectured on the sinfulness of applauding in the middle of any scene whatsoever; the spontaneous acclamation would have warmed Handel's heart. It was clear that the audience also wanted a repetition of at least one of the glorious arias that were so impressively sung by Joan Sutherland in the second act; but this for some reason or other the conductor, Charles Farncombe, refused to allow.

Of course it was Handel, not merely his interpreters, who had earned the applause. The dominant impression was of an immense fecundity of musical invention, matched, notwithstanding the mad complexities of the plot, by a powerful sense of drama. Why was it that *Alcina* seemed not only musically but even dramatically superior to the far more rational *Titus*? Probably because the audience sensed what Mozart himself must have realised, that by 1791 the whole tradition of *opera seria* was already moribund; whereas in 1735 it was simply the standard form into which one flung whatever dramatic and melodic talents one happened to possess; and Handel's were prodigious. He takes his plot for granted, and we find ourselves doing the same, simply because of the heartfelt warmth and passion of the music. The story comes from Ariosto, and the heroine is another Armida who has first bewitched, and is now fatally enamoured of, a knight. Her magic island demands a glorious stage picture after the manner of Tiepolo; but even if we had Covent Garden and thousands of pounds to play with, we should still be up against the hard core of the Handelian operatic problem. What are we to do about the castrato roles?

There are three solutions. We can use tenors, or even baritones, and transpose the voice part down an octave or thereabouts, doing our best to minimise the consequent damage in the ensembles and in the balance between voice and accompaniment. This is the solution used in Glyndebourne's *Idomeneo*, in current continental productions of Handel's *Julius Cæsar*, and in the poorly prepared and ill-cut Italian studio version of Gluck's *Paride e Elena* which the Third Programme gave us the other day. It sometimes works, but it creates serious musical problems, and it is manifestly nothing like what the composer intended. The second method, adventurously adopted in *Alcina*, is to find falsettists of what one may loosely call the Alfred Deller type. These are very rare birds, and they tend to produce a timid and hooty tone which can bear little or no relation to the noble, sweet and often brilliant quality of a great 18th-century castrato. In *Alcina* the male lead was taken by a falsettist (John Carvalho), who possessed an exceptionally wide range of dynamics; but in his case power was purchased at the expense of tonal purity, which in such an aria as the sublime "Verdi prati" is all-important.

The third solution, and in general the best, is to do what since the days of Pauline Viardot has been almost invariably done with Gluck's *Orfeo*, and allot these parts to contraltos and mezzos; a true female soprano would be more rarely called for, since male soprano roles are seldom written at all high. England has always been famous for her contraltos, and there is no doubt that Dame Clara Butt would have made a superb Julius Cæsar! Today, besides Monica Sinclair, there are many highly gifted singers in the tradition of the lamented Kathleen Ferrier who might well be called on to undertake such tasks; two who instantly come to mind are Pamela Bowden and Helen Watts. And next time one of our larger girls' schools wants to make a splash in the musical world, I advise Handelian opera.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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Phèdre, a Spoken Opera

Phèdre is so beautiful a tragedy that it leaves the critic quite winded. There is nothing more astonishing than to find yourself in a state of total admiration for two whole hours, even though you knew the play beforehand and realised that it was the most characteristic product of the French genius. The admiration does not spurt and fizzle, as it does when you watch Shakespeare. From the opening scene, the alexandrine transports you to a level of artificiality where none of the accidental impurities of real life survive. There has been no overture, but you are caught up in a system as flawless and as self-contained as an opera by Mozart or Handel. The miracle is that the artificiality does not reduce the wildness of the emotion; on the contrary, it allows the play to be a seamless development of ever-fresh emotion, arranged in loops, whorls and festoons. Among the innumerable writers of French neo-classical tragedy, Racine has to the highest degree the gift—without which the genre collapses into bathos—of using even the decoration, as it were, to express the essence. In Racine, even the

circumlocutions sob with tender despair,

Les ombres par trois fois ont obscurci les cieux
Depuis que le sommeil n'est entré dans vos yeux,
Et le jour a trois fois chassé la nuit obscure
Depuis que votre corps languit sans nourriture . . .

and the flattest statement can be full of whispering implications,

Cependant un bruit sourd veut que le roi respire.

The most extraordinary thing, perhaps, is that the predictability of the rhymes (*bords:morts, sombres:ombres*) is not, in his case, a weakness but an additional beauty. You feel yourself breasting, with absolute security, wave after wave of limited but impeccable language. This periwigged gentleman, living at a formalistic court and writing in a style as stiff as brocade, turned all his handicaps into advantages; he made grandeur supple and used generalisation to reach the most exquisite expression of the particular.

Maurice Cazeneuve's production at the Palace treats the work with proper reverence. The only character who seems to be definitely misconceived is Phèdre's confidante, Oenone, presented almost realistically as a fussy, brainless old woman—a mistake which detracts from the dignity of certain scenes. The other secondary characters are not uniformly successful. As Théramène and Thésée, Messieurs Nissar and Noël are able to give a far better account of themselves than they did in the regrettable *Dame aux Camélias;* M. Nissar's *récit de Théramène* is exceptionally accomplished. Jean-François Calvé makes a very handsome Hippolyte, but at times he looks more worried than nobly perplexed and he tends to rattle off the poetry with unsubtle vigour. The problem is how to say the great lines greatly but unself-consciously. He threw away

Ariane aux rochers contant ses injustices

and made

Le jour n'est pas plus pur que le fond de mon coeur

into the protest of an injured Boy Scout. His best passage was his declaration to Aricie, *le récit d'un amour si sauvage,* which is a masterpiece of rhetorical construction. M. Calvé advanced on Aricie in respectful pulsations, the white train falling from his shoulders giving him the look of a great bird about to mount its mate. The highly civilised language could not have been more clearly shown to express the nakedness of instinct.

But, of course, the play belongs to Phèdre, and Mme Feuillère took possession of it with complete authority from the moment she appeared, with staring eyes and white face, full of the leaden pregnancy of unrequited love. There was nothing here of the easy pathos of the *Dame.* One of the beauties of her performance was that she imposed great intensity of presence from the start, as if her love for Hippolyte had to be carried like a cancer, which had grown inside her with little or no reference to the man himself. It is this intellectualised conception of love as a subjective growth, cruelly feeding on the substance of the person who loves rather than on the reality of the loved one, which has echoed through French literature since the seventeenth century. Another beauty was the precision of her movements and gestures and her unfailing purity of line. I have never seen anything finer in the theatre than Scenes V and VI of Act IV. On *Ah, Dieux!,* which marks her full realisation of Hippolyte's love for Aricie, she clutched her midriff with both hands, as if the cancer had suddenly swelled intolerably. On

Oenone, qui l'eût cru? J'avais une rivale

she laughed, and *rivale* was sung out on the characteristic Feuillère contralto note. Then from

Hippolyte aime, et je n'en puis douter

to the end of the scene, some hundred and fifty lines later, sorrow, shame and rage hissed and fluted in one great aria, while she rolled her head in agony, came forward to the footlights, fell back crucified into Oenone's arms, and then revived to curse her confidante—all with unerring taste and perfect attention to the movement of the verse.

It was a great performance, but can I add—after being allowed to embrace Mme Feuillère figuratively and with infinite respect—that it was not the greatest conceivable performance? The opening scenes left something to be desired. I am almost sure I heard, with my own ears,

Soleil, je te viens voir pour la dernièr' fois.

Is it possible that Mme Feuillère could have missed one of the most beautiful e mutes in French literature? I prefer to think I had a momentary black-out. But, generally speaking, there should have been more variety in Act I. The presence that Mme Feuillère brought onto the stage was intense but not sufficiently volcanic.

Malheureuse, quel nom est sorti de ta bauche?

was not the jet of horror it should have been. The faults may have been partly Oenone's, because in this long duet she panted through her alexandrines in a gossipy way that made the timing of the exchanges rather uncertain. Given different support, the inwardness of Mme Feuillère's presence in these early scenes might flower into something as effective as the art she displays in the monologues.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE...

SMALL wonder that lovers are so pale and wan. A Sonata Salad sounds all very well, but it's not much for a pair of thoroughly star-crossed lovers to get their teeth into.

In fact our advice to the lovelorn is to come out of the Metronome Grill and enjoy some good, honest, nourishing food. Like bread. Which scientists tell us is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of all the energy we, and our children, burn up in a day.[1] Bread provides us with body-building protein, and essential vitamins and minerals, too.[2] *And* goes very well in concert with cheese.

Those distinguished nutritional authorities Professor McCance and Dr. Widdowson in a Special Report,[1] say "Probably the most important finding concerns the high nutritive value of wheat in any of the forms customarily consumed by man". And that means bread. While a Panel of eminent scientists and medical men under the Chairmanship of Professor Lord Cohen say: "Bread is the most important staple food in the British diet".[3]

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1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O.*
2. *All flour must contain—per 100 grams of flour: Iron —not less than 1.65 milligrams. Vitamin B₁—not less than 0.24 milligrams. Nicotinic acid—not less that 1.60 milligrams.*
3. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritional Value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O.*

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The Yiddish Players

FOR several centuries Yiddish was the *Lingua Franca* of the Jewish people in Europe. Originally a medieval Low German dialect, it had Polish, Russian, Hebrew and later American words added to it from time to time. Gradually it became a hybrid, but basically it remained Germanic.

As the language of learning was always Hebrew, Yiddish had no written drama until late in the nineteenth century. Goldfaden created the Yiddish theatre, writing over four hundred plays, mostly low comedy, and running his own theatre, first in Poland and then in New York. By the Nineteen Twenties serious writers like Anski ("The Dybbuk"), Pinski and Sholem Asch had given Yiddish such a status that their plays were being produced in German by Reinhardt and in English by the Theatre Guild in New York. This remarkable transition from a scriptless jargon to an international drama, within the space of fifty years marked the zenith of the achievement. After 1918 Yiddish, as a language, began to die out. The gas chambers and assimilation practically extinguished it in the West. In Israel, where Hebrew, the Aramaic tongue of the scriptures, has been vitalised into the everyday language of the people, the use of Yiddish is discouraged and despised. In New York, Maurice Schwartz has had to disband his famous company and devote himself to English speaking drama. And so Yiddish, as a language and a drama, flourishes today chiefly behind the Iron Curtain.

The Polish State gives official support to Yiddish drama and it has now sent its company to perform in London. It is under the direction of Ida Kaminska, whose experience as an actress goes back to the days of the First War, and the opening production of the three-week season at the Winter Garden Theatre is *Meir Ezofowicz,* a chronicle play extending over the late eighteenth and middle nineteenth century. This is a story of Jewish religious movements and the struggle between liberalism and intolerance; but quite frankly it is a disappointment. It is a slow moving argumentative play, devoid of human contact—and it is not helped by the production. Much money has obviously been lavished on this, but with its revolving stage, its scenery, half realistic and half symbolic, it smacks of Beerbohm Tree flirting with Kafka. The acting, though also inclined to be old fashioned, has its arresting moments. Madame Kaminska herself is awe-inspiring as a centenarian who has a flash of understanding for her reforming great-grandson; Ch. Buzgan is grotesque and convincing as a fanatical teacher, and there are some fine groupings, notably in a Synagogue excommunication scene. On the whole it is a pity that the company should have made their first appearance in a play adapted and translated from the Polish, rather than in a native Yiddish play. Later in their repertoire they are to present *Tevie der Milchiger,* one of the known masterpieces of Sholem Aleichem, whose rich humour, when translated into English, so amused audiences at the Embassy Theatre two years ago. This may yet show the vitality of Yiddish drama, even though the language be dying.

CHARLES LANDSTONE

Italian Invasion

FOR the next few weeks London has the opportunity of seeing the work of five important Italian artists. At the Marlborough there is a large exhibition of recent paintings by Campigli and Sironi, Matthiesen's are showing Bruno Cassinari, who has in recent years had a series of successes in Italy, while at Gallery One there is the Milanese painter Enrico Baj. On the 29th of March Messrs. Liberty are opening a large exhibition of works by the designer-architect Gio Ponti.

Sironi is a painter who has played an important part in many of the major developments in twentieth-century Italian painting. His field of vision has become increasingly wide, and now, as an old man, he has fused all his past experiments and experience into a panoramic view of life. There is room for almost everything in his paintings; a single canvas may contain human figures and landscapes, animals and statues, battleships and skyscrapers, all fitted together into a continuous frieze or inscribed into separate cave-like compartments. Often representational passages are interspersed with large areas of abstract brushwork so that the general effect is at once revolutionary and traditional, static and dynamic, calculated and spontaneous. Occasionally the breadth and comprehensiveness of his vision results in a feeling of looseness and disorganisation in the composition, and one gets the impression that he would be more at ease working on a larger scale. In the smallest canvases his technique is occasionally coarse. But any defects are more than compensated by the feeling of passion

and grandeur that permeates his paintings. While Sironi continues to make a fresh statement about the world with every new painting, Campigli, an artist ten years younger, moves in an ever more restricted world. His vision, limited at the best of times, has not changed. Twenty years ago his interpretation of the modern scene in terms of archaic marionettes was imaginative and amusing. Today the antics of his puppets become more and more strained; they are lost in mazes and reflected endlessly in elaborate complexes of mirrors; they wear funny hats and try to look like the Empress Theodora. Moreover, there is a new casualness about Campigli's recent work that robs it of the precision and finish which this mannered and affected style requires to give it point. While his work is still pretty and tasteful, there is a real danger of his becoming repetitive and decadent.

Bruno Cassinari and Enrico Baj are both much younger painters. Cassinari is concerned at present primarily with finding a balance between representation and abstraction; some of his paintings have descriptive titles while others he calls simply *compositions*. In fact, this is a problem which he does not always satisfactorily solve. Generally in the finished paintings the subject counts for very little, but he does not appear to think or see in abstract terms, and shapes keep recurring which have no definite formal value and to which it is impossible to attach any specific meaning. The best paintings, however, like *Festa* and the large blue *Composition*, are warm and full of vitality, and he is unafraid in his use of rich colour. Mr. Baj, "the devil of Nuclear Art," is not afraid of anything. He is the author of a manifesto of Nuclear painting, and when he is not constructing an "imaginary Bauhaus" he is fighting a law-suit with Salvator Dali as to which of them originated the Nuclear movement. The term arose, Mr. Baj tells us, from the mushroom-shaped heads that began to appear in his work several years ago. But to the uninitiated this aspect is less striking than the fact that many of the paintings are executed on old tablecloths with wads of chair-stuffing and semi-precious stones. Mr. Baj's work is not as pretentious as all this might lead one to expect. It is, in fact, jolly and enjoyable. He has a genuine sense of humour and a real feeling for the sensuous qualities of paint, and his canvases are bright and imaginative. He works with obvious pleasure and abandon, and the general effect is that of Miro redone in terms of action painting. Most visitors will be immediately attracted to the *Retired General with Beard* (who also has a jumbo-sized ruby stuck in his navel) but my own preference goes to *Here you are, my little dog, at last I've found you*, and *I can't stand any more, my head is spinning*.

* * *

Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957), who died last week in Paris at the age of 81, was one of the most powerful and mysterious figures in the history of modern art. Like so many of the great artists working in Paris in the early years of the century, Brancusi was intent on stripping art of its inessentials and making a completely fresh start. However, while other sculptors evolved a more complex form of expression under the influence of Cubism, Futurism and Surrealism, Brancusi, who refused to be associated with any movement, developed in the opposite direction, simplifying still further what already seemed so simple. Brancusi was primarily a craftsman, and creation for him was the result of his desire to reveal the latent possibilities of the materials with which he worked. In his attempt to extract their innermost qualities he produced a series of symbols: upward moving forms like birds in flight, voluptuous shapes suggesting fertility and, most frequently of all, the egg-like shapes representing birth and creation. Brancusi's aim was to execute works for the pleasure and relaxation of humanity at large, but because he produced relatively little (sometimes he worked on a single piece of sculpture for as long as ten years) and avoided all forms of publicity, his work is known well to relatively few. Critics, too, have helped to obscure it by enveloping it in a haze of metaphysical nonsense. Perhaps only other sculptors have understood the real significance of this great artist.

JOHN GOLDING

My Weekly Nightmare

SEVERAL of my *confrères* have already done a neat hatchet-job on the new ITV giveaway competition, *Bury Your Hatchet*. This programme is perhaps a slightly less blatant affront to human dignity than was *People Are Funny* (whose unlamented death the strictures of critics and the disapproval of the ITA may have helped to bring about); but to view it is a grisly experience enough.

I wonder, however, if those critics are right who have found in *Bury Your Hatchet* the absolute nadir of current television entertainment? There are, no doubt, several contenders for this title; but I should like to advance seriously the claims of the quite old-established weekly panel-game, *My Wildest Dream*. I have watched this programme on a number of occasions; and—unlike some quite trivial programmes which, starting crudely, do somehow acquire a not altogether disagreeable patina—it seems to me to have deteriorated steadily. Its gaiety now seems forced, its laughter hollow.

Since there may be some *N.S. & N.* readers who are not regular viewers of *My Wildest Dream*, I should perhaps explain that each member of the public chosen to take part in it provides some fantastic and supposedly comic "dream." This wish or fancy is communicated privily to an obediently hilarious studio audience

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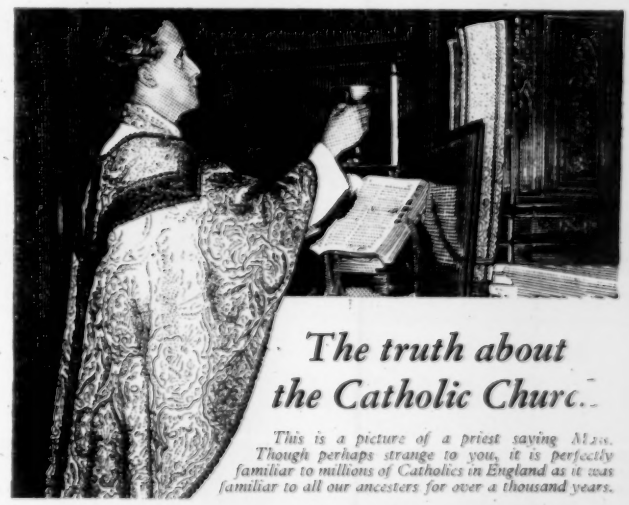

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and to the viewers; and the four eminent comedians who form the panel (at present Mr. Tommy Trinder, Mr. Alfred Marks, Mr. Eddie Gray and Mr. Terry-Thomas) then try, by questioning the challenger, to find out what his or her "dream" is.

This week's edition seemed to me to be particularly lamentable. Some of the questions were grotesquely far-fetched and not, intrinsically, at all funny. The comedians too often talked all at once, so that there was an ugly discord of loud voices; and one or two of them seemed to think, perhaps rightly, that they were incapable of exciting laughter unless they could steer the dialogue, however irrelevantly, in the direction of sex.

This well-known topic was not always, indeed, remote from the problem before the panel. An Islington typist was asking for it when she chose as her wildest dream: "To follow my cat at night to find out where he goes." Other typically infantile or laboured wishes were "to run along a station platform and flatten the business-men's bowlers," and "to be inside a fridge and prove that the light goes out when the door closes"—an aspiration which soon had one of the panel hot on the scent of what he called "the interesting part . . . anything to do with dark-rooms." The programme ended, as it sometimes does, with an "action-gimmick": the challenger's wish was "to hear Tommy Trinder make a political speech heckled by the panel"; and, when this had been guessed, Mr. Trinder mounted a rostrum placarded "Vote for Trinder," and held forth. Since the rostrum had been got ready beforehand, this did not seem entirely spontaneous.

A much less harmless—indeed, a grossly offensive—political allusion also crept into this programme. I was surprised that the producer should have allowed a woman challenger to say that her wildest dream was "to see Dr. Edith Summerskill in Nasser's harem." Once it had been established that the challenger's wish concerned Dr. Summerskill, the comedians' questions became a series of the feeblest vulgarisms. This was, if not actually libellous, a bad error of taste.

Now, the odd thing is that all four members of this team are at the top of their profession—comedians whose work all of us have enjoyed in other contexts, men with great humorous resources, abnormally quick wits, and attractive personalities. Why, in this programme, do they fail so signally to amuse? It cannot really be their fault. I suspect that the answer is partly that stage-trained comedians are at their best when working from a properly written and rehearsed script (an occasional impromptu gag, yes, but not a solid half-hour of competitive extemporisation); and partly that a panel consisting only of four professional comedians is unsuited to the TV screen. There is just too much of them. It is like engaging Michaelangelo *and* Rivera to do up one small bed-sitter, or four bishops to confirm one catechumen.

The question-master, Mr. Paul Carpenter, who openly helps the team when they are being too obtuse and himself looks, understandably, harassed almost to the point of collapse, ended Monday night's programme by imploring viewers to send in more of their supposed dream-wishes—"because without them we just haven't got a show." I don't think they've got a show, anyway.

* * *

At the BBC, the biggest television Outside Broadcast ever devised is now "in the planning stage." Eleven European nations will contribute to this programme, which will be broadcast on the afternoon of Whit-Sunday and will, I gather, show how typical citizens of the eleven nations are spending that afternoon. Surely we ought simply to see them all watching a television programme showing the peoples of eleven nations watching a television programme showing. . . .

This is the kind of thing that the famous American programme, *The Wide, Wide World*, will probably be glad to take when transatlantic television becomes fully practicable. During the recent sunspot activity (when TV pictures did what is called "bouncing off the ceiling"), the Americans received part of a typically English afternoon programme for housewives: they saw, in fact, Miss Margot Lovell stirring a Christmas pudding. The BBC maintained a continuous vigil but failed to secure any reciprocal pictures from America. (Enough comes canned, anyway.)

Sunspots, however, cause this "ceiling" (or, I think, "heavyside layer") only every decade or so. Cable seems to be the answer.

TOM DRIBERG

Near the Waterfront

THE Ritz cinema snugs next to the Empire, and is, despite its name, quiet and modest. Most of the year it carries an overflow from next door, but now and then it comes up with a film of its own, one to which æsthetic skill or liberal sentiment has attached an aura of the minority. Such is *A Man is Ten Feet Tall*. It is the film of someone who, having been hit by *On the Waterfront*, has wanted to do the same on the side of the angels. It won't be Fascist (but will be brutal); it will dignify the Negro; it will plunge into the city jungle, and come out with the hope that some beasts are better than others. Not a very good mixture, would you say? But then *A Man is Ten Feet Tall* has been planned and executed by Martin Ritt, with unusual skill.

A grim young man (John Cassavetes) gets a job as a New York stevedore; he goes looking for it at night, and has a habit of ringing up his parents over long distance and not saying a word. It takes us some time to discover that his Œdipus complex has side turnings, a brother's death, desertion from the army. But in the meantime we have had an eyeful of the railway loading bay, and of the tense young man, a friendly, confident Negro, and an established bully. Apart from the tension there is some effort to establish the stevedore's life, with cracks on piers, the sort of home and car, courting, and a visit to a bowling alley. But this is only incidental. The tension develops; and the fact that the loaders all carry murderous hooks presages ill. Sure enough it comes. The easy Negro (a performance to remember) gets lured into a fight with hooks and is killed. His deserter friend would like to sneak out, but is shamed into facing the murderer—the original bully—and ends among triumphant chords, dragging him towards the office where a detective will be waiting. It is a tense, decent, memorable, but in the end wandering, compromise between *Marty* and *On the Waterfront*.

One of the inheritances of the French cinema is *The Beggar's Opera*, and this fondness for light-fingered gentry has created a light style. *Lock Up the Spoons* sustains the tradition—airy, sexy, and anecdotal. It manages to tell three tales subsidiary to the main incident, that of the 104th birthday celebration and death of an old master crook. One of his visitors has been chased that morning over roofs and has dropped in through a skylight on the birth of twins; a myopic burglar has lost his spectacles and found his daughter in bed with the man he is robbing; a Don Juan has become a too tender ponce. The whole thing is a cheese souffle that could only seem flat to someone who preferred jam.

In the same programme at the Cameo-Poly is an exploration of New Guinea—*The Last Cannibals*. Are they the last? West Africa, until recently, could boast a few who were still keeping the pot boiling—*but only at night*. The New Guinea cannibals, who fancy a leg or an arm wrapped in palm-leaf, seem otherwise amiable. New Guinea apparently has its heaven in a volcanic isle with palm-trees, luxuriant flowers, humming birds; its hell in an unexplored river over which butterflies swarm for one day before succumbing to the rank heat. This Danish film, photographed in colour by Jens Bjerre but indifferently scripted, would be worth a visit on its own.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

OPERATION PAVEMENT

SIR,—There are a number of points arising from Audrey Harvey's article and Phyllis Dobbs' letter on London's homeless families.

First, the L.C.C. seems to have abandoned altogether, or to have curtailed drastically, its Halfway Houses. Here a real effort used to be made to cope with difficult families and to train them as good tenants. About 400 flats used to be allocated to such families every year. While it is true, in a sense, that these people "jumped" the housing list, any reasonable points scheme will give a homeless family high priority. The disappearance of the Halfway Houses means that valuable social work has been abandoned.

Secondly, some of the families who find their way to Newington Lodge, the main reception centre for the London area, have been evicted by the L.C.C. or by Metropolitan Borough Councils, usually for arrears of rent. This is socially and administratively crazy. In St. Pancras, where I am chairman of the housing committee, we do not have to evict our tenants. As soon as difficulties occur, the family comes into the care of a member of our staff who is a first-rate social worker. The result is that our arrears are kept low and evictions are unnecessary. In my view, any housing department which has to evict tenants is falling down on the job of good management.

Thirdly, the present set-up is quite inadequate. It is not only that families are split up. The Warden at Newington Lodge has been given the task of getting rid of homeless families, somehow, somewhere, and as quickly as possible. So the homeless, evicted from overcrowded furnished rooms, tramp the streets looking for similar or worse accommodation, or crowd in with reluctant relatives. No attempt is made to find any permanent solution to their problems.

In St. Pancras we have housed about half a dozen homeless families recently, in spite of our tremendous housing problems, simply because we had not the

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heart to send them to the L.C.C. One family accepted with tears of joy two back rooms half a mile apart, in horrible houses eventually due for demolition. The alternative was not only no home, but no job, because the mother, who is the only wage earner, could not have kept her job as a conductor on the buses if she had gone with her children to an L.C.C. home.

Many of these families become homeless through no fault of their own. Three of our recent cases have been service tenants. The Rent Bill will inevitably increase their numbers. The welfare department of the L.C.C. must put its house—and its homes—in order, and as quickly as possible.

20 Parliament Hill Mansions, PEGGY DUFF
London, N.W.5.

SIR,—Not all local authorities have such a Dickensian approach to homeless families as Audrey Harvey describes in her article. I know of one area where homeless mothers and children have one or two rooms with a gas cooker, running water, electric light and central heating.

The kind of family that tend to end up in Part III accommodation often have a background of financial mismanagement, marital disharmony and immature parental behaviour combined with a history of anti-social behaviour which cuts them off from the help of friends and relatives and makes them dependent on the impersonal assistance of various statutory agencies.

Miss Harvey has drawn attention to a gap in our social services which few people are aware of. The social worker and administrator outside county boroughs, are handicapped by being dependent on reluctant boroughs and rural district councils to provide houses for these homeless families.

At present county councils have no housing powers for homeless families and there is a strong case for the provision of sub-standard houses for the evicted family.

The conventional council house can be quickly wrecked by a problem family and the past experience of housing authorities makes them reluctant to accept these families as tenants.

A further tragedy arises at the end of the three-month stay in temporary accommodation. If the unfortunate family is still without a home the responsibility then shifts to the children's department, who are bound to accept children into care, parents making their own arrangements. One sees the break-up of a family and consequent emotional damage to the children, to say nothing of the high cost to the public purse of institutional care for a large family group.

The three-month deadline is often not the only problem with which the family have to live. There is still the punitive attitude of some officials and committees and nagging uncertainty of what will happen if the family has to split up.

To some extent this can be prevented by adequate and skilled casework with a family starting even before eviction or developing during the three-month stay in temporary accommodation. This, however, is not effective unless the county council also have the power to provide housing themselves and are not dependent on the smaller authorities in its area.

"Pen-y-cring," WYNFORD JONES
Badminton Grove,
Ebbw Vale.

PRISONS AND MENTAL HOSPITALS

SIR,—As I was reading Mr. Rolfe's impressive and informative supplement on prisons and prisoners, I was struck by the similarity of the entire content with mental hospitals and mental patients. It would be possible by the substitution of appropriate words to convert this letter almost in its entirety into a plea for the reform of mental institutions.

One finds much less published by the mental hospital population because, ironically, less approbrium and shame is associated with crime than lunacy. Other reasons are: (1) Fear of not being believed; (2) disadvantageous repercussions in personal and professional spheres; (3) impairment of memory by physical treatment such as electro convulsion therapy (E.C.T.); (4) mute acceptance of undesirable treatment and conditions, felt and endured as deserved punishment by those suffering from unconscious guilt which is present in all mental disturbances.

Who are the patients? We are told that one in twenty of the population spends some time in a mental hospital, but unless you are, or have been, one of the twenty, no account adequately describes the subtly destructive atmosphere which creates "recividists" (relapsed patients) "simply because they have been there." Overcrowding, understaffing, inadequate food, poor sanitation, cold and dreary surroundings are commonplaces.

The position of mental patients on return to the community is subtly altered. Unlike physical illness, regrettable but acceptable, mental disturbance creates an aura of fear and uncertainty in all minds save a few rare individuals. There is no organised opinion, but a widespread unspoken assumption that mental patients tend to be incurable, and thus cannot be trusted with their old job, or even a new one.

Dr. Maxwell Jones believes that psychopaths will "... only become resocialised if placed in an environment where they feel they are wanted." This is true not only of psychopaths, but of all patients who are stigmatised by the label of mental illness.

In the group therapy section at Belmont the two problems overlap, and the similitude is brought sharply into focus, for there civil and prison psychopaths meet. Dr. Maxwell Jones points out that the "so-called ordinary public" wishes to punish, segregate and banish the psychopath.

The present shortage of mental nurses is openly admitted and deplored, but what is not generally known is that the person called "nurse" in many mental hospitals, including private ones, is not trained at all. The serious gaps have been filled with men and women who simply want a job, and they become custodians of the mentally sick often even without knowledge of the English language, recruited as they often are from foreign countries, coming here to learn the language.

"We must encourage the growing change of public attitude until it compares with the acceptance of the mental hospital as something that has entirely supplanted the lunatic asylum." With this sentence I part company from Mr. Rolfe. Changed nomenclature has not altered the public attitude towards mental patients. And this is not surprising since doctors, nurses, etc., who tend them are themselves not freed from deep, unconscious fear of mental disturbance.

64 Old Church Street, K. H. COHEN
S.W.3.

KENYA VOTES

SIR,—The results of the African elections, now published, underline a serious omission in your comment of March 9. It was quite obvious from the registration figures before the election that the device of the multiple vote, which you failed to mention, would be the decisive factor; and the results have borne this out. The data for the "most interesting contests" to which you referred, and for the country as a whole, are as follows:—

	Central Nyanza	Central Prov.	Nairobi	Overall Average
	%	%	%	%
REGISTRATION				
Voters with one vote.				
(a) % of all votes	30	48	13	37
(b) % of all voters	50	67	26	57
Voters with 2 or 3 votes:				
(a) % of all votes	70	52	87	63
(b) % of all voters	50	33	74	43
ELECTION RESULTS				
Poll as % of votes registered	75	97	90	81
Poll as % of voters registered	124	136	181	125

The fact that the percentage of registered voters actually voting corresponds closely in each constituency with the percentage poll indicates that the abstentions were spread fairly evenly through the different classes of voters. It is clear then that the multiple vote decided the election.

As to the fact that only some 30 per cent. to 35 per

cent. of the maximum potential of African voters actually registered, this is hardly surprising in view of the fears and uncertainties and the formidable procedure surrounding the positive act required of them for this, their first election; and we have to ask ourselves how many in this country would fail to make the effort if registration here was not automatic. Moreover, the 81 per cent. average African poll compares well with the results of the European elections last year, when only 25 per cent. of the European population cast a vote.

In this connection, it is surprising that attention has not been drawn to the wide discrepancy between the estimates of the potential numbers of Africans eligible to register, given 15 months ago and today. When Sessional Paper No. 39 was published in January, 1956, after the exhaustive Coutts inquiry, the Kenya government, anxious to put the best face on the proposals, estimated that 60 per cent. or more of the adult African population would be able to qualify for one or more votes. But recently, with registration completed, this estimate of maximum potential has been reduced to a figure of between 350,000 and 400,000, or 16 per cent to 20 per cent. This difference, well in excess of the usual margin of error in colonial statistics, appears to call for some explanation.

I understand that arrangements have been made by the Colonial Office for a full analysis of this election by a British expert. It is to be hoped that his findings will be made public, and that they will include information on the following points: the number of those whose applications for registration were refused; the number, in each constituency, of each category of voter actually voting, so as to determine more exactly the influence of the multiple vote; and the number of successful applications under each of the particular voting qualifications, so that the decisive factors in these elections, whether education, or long service with government, income or the personal approbation of the District Commissioner, or the approach of senility, can be determined.

11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1 — T. F. Betts, Fabian Colonial Bureau.

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TO HELL WITH SUBTOPIA

Sir,—It was to be expected that a reviewer as well-informed as Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis would draw attention to some of the glaring inconsistencies and errors in *Counter-Attack*. Even so, he lets the authors off lightly.

Counter-Attack contains—where they can be extracted from its jigsaw-puzzle layout—useful lessons in elementary civic design. Much street furniture is ugly. Standards of building design need to be raised. These parts of *Counter-Attack* should be recommended reading for all first-year students of architecture and planning.

But the planning authorities are servants of economic pressures. They practise the art of the possible. Primarily they must consider the costs of various types of development to meet social, commercial and other needs; the appearance of whatever development is permitted; and the wishes and requirements of people who have to live or work in the buildings erected. Such considerations the authors of *Counter-Attack* blithely ignore. They are concerned only with the look of the thing.

Their most serious mistake, however, is to launch an irrelevant attack on open density development even where—as in the new towns—this is comprehensively planned and designed from start to finish. Not only is this attack misdirected. It is also based on false premises and wrong conclusions. The errors in some of the statistical tables are so outrageous that one is driven reluctantly to treat the whole thing as no more serious than any other journalistic gimmick.

Wyndham Thomas,
General Secretary
Town and Country Planning Association,
28 King Street, W.C.2.

INDIA, DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION

Sir,—Your review of my book *India, Democracy and Education*, stated that I contend that democracy is not suited to India. In fact, the thesis that democracy is the form of government best suited to preserve unity in India's rich diversity is made explicit in many pages and is implicit in every chapter of my book.

Since one of the professed aims of my book (see, e.g., p. 4) is to try to promote Indo-British goodwill, it is particularly galling to be accused in a periodical which has the prestige and circulation enjoyed by the New Statesman in India, of belittling Indian democracy—an allegation likely, for reasons obvious to anyone familiar with the history of Indo-British relations, to be deeply resented by all Indians. If I had decried Indian democracy, it is unlikely that Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, the Vice-President of the Indian Republic, would have written a Foreword to my book. Jossleyn Hennessy

95 Linden Gardens, W.2.

[We are sorry that Mr. Hennessy should have been in any way misrepresented in our columns.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

DUKES AND DUSTMEN

Sir,—Although Mr. T. C. Worsley opens his article, "Dukes and Dustmen," in your last issue with the words, "We highbrows," he soon makes it clear that he would rather not be ranked among them. He does so almost immediately, in his brief characterisation of the plays "you and I may prefer" (which is curiously similar in its method of caricature to the descriptions in Aristophanes of the plays of the "highbrow" writer Euripides); he continues to do so in his diagnosis of the ailment that besets the contempofary theatre; and he is still doing so when he comes to speak of *The Iron Duchess*.

Unfortunately, his imbibing of the spirit of Aristophanes does not seem to have extended to the latter's concern with politics. No doubt "the need for commitment in criticism of the arts" has become a wearily familiar slogan; but one can imagine many more appropriate occasions for being seized with ennui in this respect than when one is confronted with such a work as *The Iron Duchess*. It is not enough to say that the author has the "ingenious idea" of paralleling "the treatment of a recalcitrant cook by the duchess with the treatment of a recalcitrant colony by the government." "Affectionate irony" is scarcely the attitude to be expected from a critic in a responsible Socialist weekly (no matter what the author's attitude may be), in face of a dénouement in which the cook and the islanders are both brought to heel, and we are left to draw the moral that these subject peoples are really quite decent types—if treated with a firm hand. The skeleton of Cyprus, *inter alia*, rattles in the cupboard. It seems that the dichotomy between the front pages and the back of *N.S. & N.* is still far from being healed. Jane F. Gardner

Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

[Mr. Worsley writes: Just see what havoc political passion plays with people's judgments! Your stern correspondent has got the point of this mild little comedy arse-ways up (if I may be permitted an Aristophanic expression). It was not the recalcitrant island but the persecuting Tory government which was brought to its senses by the Duchess. But instead of defending myself against the charge of frivolity, may I defend my colleagues in the front pages of the *N.S. & N.* from the implied charge of priggishness? I recently heard the editor roaring with laughter at the last Coward play, but I did not suppose that by his laughter he was condoning Mr. Coward's emigration. I rely on Mr. Norman MacKenzie for my racing tips without imagining that his information (not always sound) commits him to the racing industry. Mr. John Freeman is known to have a pretty taste in light wines, but no one therefore accuses him of being a brewer's stooge. Mr. Mallalieu sports ties which proclaim an addiction to the upper-class sports, rugby football and cricket; and because Mr. Paul Johnson recently himself played the leading male role in a white wedding, I don't suppose he will, in the future, be any less trenchant in his denunciation of the extravagances of the socialites.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

FARFALLA IN TEMPESTA

Sir,—It seems a little peevish of Mr. Spender to take your reviewer to task for the "elementary mistake" of not recognising "farfalla" as a common or garden Italian word. Mr. Davie, in his ignorance, obviously appreciated the emotive force of the passage from Ezra Pound's poem far better than Mr. Spender seems to have been able—or wanted—to do, for all his erudition, which, incidentally, is not as perfect as it might be. For "farfalla" is *not* the Italian equivalent of the "common or garden butterfly" (Mr. Spender would like to dismiss the whole passage in terms of the Cabbage White, no doubt), but of any lepidoptera, so that Mr. Davie's "moth" (especially in view of the following line, "under rain in the dark") may be nearer the mark after all.

Rome. John Drummond

WYNDHAM LEWIS

Sir,—It seems to me that in honour Sir Herbert Read should have remarked that Lewis was a formidable and indeed a great figure in twentieth-century art. It is surely no longer necessary to recapitulate his achievement as a writer both critical and imaginative. Mr. T. S. Eliot finds in him the one writer of our time to have created a new and original prose style, beside which, Mr. Eliot, most contemporary prose is "lifeless." And Mr. Eliot is not alone in this assessment. But Lewis was also a draughtsman and a portraitist without serious rival in this country and his critical writings on art have been of the highest significance.

To many critics and artists, Lewis's intelligence was unforgivable, for, as he himself well knew, in the visual arts intelligence is the last thing required by the British *cognoscenti*. The intelligent artist is an ever-present threat to sentimental belly thinking in that he tends to strip the wrappings from that cocoon of self-satisfaction which we in England require our artists to confirm.

To Lewis, art did not "precede the idea," it *was* the idea and he was equipped to make manifest the idea as few other Englishmen, at least in my lifetime, have been. He championed the mind in the face of an increasing reliance upon the intestines in the act of creation and it is this that I believe should be stated at his death. Michael Ayrton

[Sir Herbert Read agreed at short notice to write a brief personal note about Wyndham Lewis. Mr. Ayrton himself recently contributed a full tribute to Wyndham Lewis in our columns.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Case of James Joyce

In the arts, the first forty years of this century felt the full force of obsession. The familiar was torn down; extraordinary temples to the self were erected. Now, rejected or assimilated, the cults of Gide, Proust, Lawrence, Joyce and Wyndham Lewis have closed, and this literature of people who had the rage of art, has become textual matter for the universities. Memoirs, letters, footnotes, albums, the scrap books prepare the way for the biographies. Perturbation has ended. Miss Patricia Hutchins's book on Joyce's world is such a collection of footnotes for the biographer*. In his excellent pamphlet, *The Backgrounds of Ulysses*, reprinted from the *Kenyon Review*, Professor Richard Ellmann pointed out that Joyce stylised his early life—as many other writers have done with theirs—to spare his own feelings as well as those of his family. The professor is right. The step from *Dubliners* to *Stephen Hero* is the first step from lower middle-class reality into Irish myth; and the over-dramatisation of his religious struggle gave Joyce that anger so fertilising to the Irish genius and so evasive of dreary fact. The biographer of this wholly autobiographical writer will, in certain places, have to drain off the obsessive. This is where, in their modest, evocative way, Miss Hutchins's industrious notes are useful. They are, in the dignified sense, an act of truthful tenderness. Working with Mr. Stuart Gilbert and Miss Weaver on the forthcoming collection of Joyce's letters, she has had the curiosity to visit the places where Joyce came from and lived—Cork, Dublin, Paris, Trieste, Zurich, London and Vichy—trying to see the kind of detail he loved to see, hoping for moments of self-identification and to pick up a word or two that might add to what is known. It is a practical piety, and in the tradition of Joyce's friends. People were always doing things for him during his life: worrying over his proofs and editions, finding him flats, sending him notes about the Dublin that was passing out of mind, looking things up. No genius was less neglected.

The interest is not biographical only. When it was published, *Ulysses* appeared first to be a phantasmagoria, a catharsis, an uncheckable interior fantasy. Further reading suggested it was a grammarian's orgy, or an apostate's revenge on his faith, a verbal saturnalia. We were dutifully respectful to the *Ulysses* myth but privately wondered if a *roman à clef* ought to have the key to so much. Later still, it dawned on us that a more apprehensible and stronger subject had been deposited in the course of writing. Whatever was mythical, orgiastic, heroic or allusive in *Ulysses*, could be placed in what was really a magnificent portrait of Dublin. It was a portrait done out of longing and the depths of the mind yet as pernickety in surface as a picture by Frith. Joyce even got the numbers of the houses in Montgomery Street right. When he was writing the Nausicaa episode, Aunt Josephine went down to Sandymount to look at the Star-of-the-Sea church, to get the detail he had written for. No intoxication was clearer-headed. Joyce did not rave on, or create from nothing; he transformed some people as all writers do; but he had a particularity about place—a mere flight of steps would be remembered—that indicates the pedantry of the exile. There was more than pedantry; there was fanaticism, a quite extreme exercise of will. Miss Hutchins was naturally on the lookout for those literary clues to the Dublin living in men's minds, which Joyce buried or insinuated. She came across people resentful of their immortality. They hated dying, that way, in art. Poor Dr. Richard Best had protested angrily, "I am not a character in fiction. I am a living being." It was embarrassing to be a Joyce relation. The female relatives had been shamed and hurt, for in Dublin everyone knew everybody, and it is the most malicious city in Europe. A priest thought the whole undesirable business would not have happened if only Joyce had gone to boarding-school and had not been left to the "influences" of the town. Another relation had torn up letters and didn't care what anyone said. Joyce's Dublin was real enough. As for the characters, it is harder to be a minor character in a novel than it is to be a major one which is usually mixed, as Molly and Leopold Bloom were. Yet, for the reader, the fidelity to fact, and even more to allusion, is the balm of an often raw and wounding book. It is Caliban Dublin, the monster, who is most feverishly loved.

The impressions Miss Hutchins has collected show us the young compulsive street-wanderer, tormented by religion, ashamed—with Irish pride—at the downfall of the family. Street-wandering is the consolation of city life. It is also the real loneliness. The streets are the wine-dark sea of the new Ulysses and the fairground of the romantic artist. Joyce's conviction of vocation is common enough; but the young Joyce had the will as well. They played punning games in the family, as if to train him for *Finnegans Wake*, and there, one can say, his end was his beginning. Later on, for years he is wandering with his wife and children from one tiny flat or hotel room to the next, with no desk, no room of his own. The grammarian learns Danish because he is going to Denmark to hear Ibsen. The gift for foreign languages nourishes the sceptical mind. Joyce will pick up anything in words. There is a touch of elegance about him. He is (the whole family is) sensitive on matters of class; the story that he went down the street to get his clothes darned and his shirt washed at a neighbour's, has caused more annoyance than his irreligion. That, the family said, was one of his illusions. It is touching that his astonished wife, often rather "crusty" when Daedalus was constructing the labyrinth, hears him laughing to himself in the next room. He is laughing as he writes *Finnegans Wake*. He decided to laugh early, and it is tiresome that this is so often forgotten by the serious Joyceans. When he is notorious, famous, denounced and better off, he moves from his café in Montparnasse to sun himself at Fouquet's in the Champs Elysées, as he once had, looking a bit of a "Knut", in the holiday crowds at Bognor. Like many writers, he has bourgeois taste in furniture; people find his conversation dull. He likes to listen, not to talk, but he is a superb mimic. It is remembered that he was very angry when he did not get the first prize in a singing competition when he was young.

One might ask how his bad sight and, finally, the loss of it affected his sense of the image-sound, but in *Stephen Hero* he wrote:

> He had his ears and eyes ever prompt to receive impressions. It was not only in Skeat that he found words for his treasure-house, he found them at hazard in the shops, the advertisements, in the mouths of the plodding public. He kept repeating them to himself until they lost all instantaneous meaning for him and became wonderful vocables.

One might ask, also, whether it was only the trauma of indignant exile and the racking of conscience that made him "never leave Dublin." But whether to stay or to leave has always been the dilemma of Irish writers, and exile is one of their powerful traditions. Miss Hutchins had an amusing and instructive interview with the ancient Jung who, as we know, had another view of Joyce's obsession. One can guess why Joyce was very much on the defensive when *he* met him. He would surely be reasonably suspicious of the scientific attitude to his "case," murmuring to himself "I may be all you say, but I have *made* something out of myself." The arts are hostile to explanation. Joyce subsequently thought that Jung was in some way responsible for the withdrawal of Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick's financial help; Jung explained what happened. Miss Hutchins clears up this mystery:

> Mrs. McCormick mentioned she was supporting a writer and an artist. . . . She was much troubled by the fact that the latter did not work. Dr. Jung hesitated to tell her to cease these payments, but when the artist became his patient and told him of a recurrent dream in which he was bleeding to death, he advised Mrs. McCormick to end an intolerable situation, with most satisfactory results. Although Dr. Jung was not informed, she may well have decided to have done with Joyce and the manuscript of *Ulysses* as well.

Miss Hutchins suggested to Jung, in good, interviewing style, that many problems inherent in Joyce's work are those of the present day: adjustment of personal relations to science, over-population. Over-population! Jung jumped at that: "How are they all to be fed?" An odd conclusion to a discussion about a novelist, but prophets move with the times.

This comedy is followed by a more serious note which Jung sent to Miss Hutchins, discussing the painful question of Joyce's unhappy daughter. It appeared odd to Jung that he was reluctant to have her certified! Jung went on:

> "His 'psychological' style is still definitely schizophrenic, with the difference, however, that the ordinary patient cannot help himself talking and thinking in such a way, while Joyce willed it, and moreover developed it by all his creative forces, which incidentally explains why he himself did not go over the border. But his daughter did because she was no genius like her father, but merely a victim of her disease. In any other time of the past, Joyce's work would never have reached the printer, but in our blessed twentieth century it is a message, though not yet understood."

* *James Joyce's World*. By Patricia Hutchins. *Methuen*. 30s.

The daughter is said to have remarked: "How could *he* know what is going on in my pretty little head." But he understood Joyce's will, the artist's act of faith.

That famous passage of Joyce's about the artist being outside and calmly "paring his nails" has often been used against him; but I think it indicates less a belief about the nature of the artist's role than the cold, formidable quality of this effort of will. He had a force within him which could, as Jung said, have destroyed him. The interesting thing is that the force expresses itself in style and elegance. He is, above all, an elegant writer. The Joyce family arrived at Zurich during the war, worried to death about the son's papers, looking (one of their friends said) "like the long, thin figures of an early Picasso drawing." Joyce looked around at the heavily decorated Gothic bar "as if it pleased him." He talked, a little later, about the Jewish intelligence "with a certain light objectivity, as one who has a perfectly well-defined attitude towards certain things but who is quite ready to revise his thinking with regard to their relationship to each other; almost more like a philosopher than an artist." In the midst of their flight from France, he had seen to it that a candle was lit for Santa Lucia, the day of his daughter's birthday. From the days of the nautical cup specially made for him in Dublin, to that candle, one has this sense of the pause, the break, in order to establish, ironically, a personal style. Such gestures are part of the Irish puzzle. I cannot revise my opinion that we see in Joyce the rebel grammarian, the comedian of the human cycle, a master of its orgies, a master of its means, an inspired destroyer. His very respectability in life suggests it. He was handing over a culture from prose to speech. The tragedy is that, exile and æsthete, he was handing it over to the Goon Show, or to people who were all method and no subject. *Ulysses* has the strong architecture of literary tradition and is, indeed, a compendium of devices. In *Finnegans Wake* he went, as many exhausted artists do, to a theme too liquid, too easily "universal." It is the *Chef d'Œuvre Inconnu*. But he was the first—and in a city civilisation—to create a city and to give it the one word that makes its life endurable: the "yes" of its circling memories, the "yes" of Molly Bloom, so vulgarly misunderstood. Miss Hutchins's sensitive book brings these things to mind.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Black-On-White

On Jackson street, at noon, sometimes they stand,
exiles in plaid, an underworld in black;
especially the young bloods show their hand
in full-cut suit or loaded cadillac.

But for the most it is the old who weight
the sidewalks with the sense of lost reprieve,
their hands inelegant and out of date,
laughing at anecdotes that none believe:

How one became a statesman or a star,
how one was televised but would not talk.
These miracles, pointless as all fancies are,
make slate religions, circumscribed by chalk,

night's dim belief to doubt as plaster falls,
troubled by rat feet loud within the walls.

KENNETH PITCHFORD

James and David

The Only Child. By JAMES KIRKUP. *Collins.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Two Worlds. By DAVID DAICHES. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

Gibbon, in his Autobiography, apologises for touching on his early years at all. "The death of a new-born child before that of its parents may seem an unnatural, but it is strictly a probable event: since of any given number the greater part are extinguished before their ninth year, before they possess the faculties of the mind or body." Time, as we know, has changed the fashionable mood; and in these two books a poet and a scholar have made the backward journey that is almost a compulsion today. Mr. Kirkup's tale, though simpler than the other, is really a remarkable feat. It deals entirely with the years before the author was six, that unique period before we have adopted an attitude, or indeed know what attitude we would wish to adopt. Memory, which has hindered other autobiographers at this stage, presents no problem to Mr. Kirkup. Any difficulty, he declares, must come from an obscure desire *not* to remember. And he proceeds to think back, with formidable clarity, to his pram.

The tale belongs to South Shields in the early Twenties. Master Kirkup's father was a joiner, and there was often unemployment, but it did not seem to colour these infant years. Young James appears to have been the ideal child—clean, prim, solemn, silent, pale, orderly in his ways, distressed by violence, brutality and noise. He was horrified by a local pantomime show, with rows of stamping and kicking chorus girls. In a game such as Ring-a-ring-o'-roses, he would always refuse to fall down at the end. "I felt obscurely that it was 'not right'."

And yet, these were shining years. He practised reading from the tins of golden syrup or sauce-bottles on the table. He took a token part in the washing, ironing and baking on their appointed days. He visited the sweet shop for liquorice pipes and sherbert dabs. A little friend, Isa ("what depths of innocent happiness I associate with that name!") would take him for endless walks through the docks. Though speechless with strangers, he would have his moments at home. There is a pretty account of him standing on the kitchen table, taking care not to knock the gas mantle, and singing popular ditties "in the hoarse, drunken, Geordie voice of a collier on Saturday night." All these things, as Mr. Kirkup records them, have their poetry. What merits (his engaging book reminds us) there are in being an only child! The protective habits it can bring, of solitude and detachment, are not to be underrated.

Mr. Daiches also writes of the Twenties, but he begins where Mr. Kirkup leaves off—at the age of six and a half, a notable dividing line between the Traherne state of infancy and the commonplace levelling of school. Even so, Master Daiches, a clever and diligent little boy, seems to have retained for years the bright unworldly innocence of the younger child.

> How often had I stood outside sweet shops longing for a penny or two to materialise somehow or hung on the outskirts of a crowd around an ice-cream barrow wondering whether the ice-cream man would be miraculously inspired to offer me a "cornet" or a "slider" free.

It took him a long time to believe that miracles did not happen. But if he was an unworldly boy, he was not, alas, a silent one. Disputation and debate, often with eminent scholarly guests, was part of the children's life: one of them became, almost inevitably, a barrister, another a don.

For they did, as the title suggests, really live in two worlds. Outside the door was Edinburgh, with the busy, crazy, windy streets, the hard-working days at school, the dreamlike holidays on the shores of Fife. Inside was the elaborate world of an old and formal religion. Mr. Daiches' learned and dignified father was Rabbi of the Edinburgh Hebrew congregation and "virtual head of Scottish Jewry." It was a position of authority and the family, for all their odd ways, was held in respect. The boys took the "aristocracy" of their lives as much for granted as they did its vexations.

Children are great conformers; young children especially (as Mr. Kirkup shows) have an obsessional taste for ritual. Inquiry and rebellion come later. The good, hardworking little boy became a university student, with gifts that made, to his surprise, for popularity; he met a new range of people; he fell in love. Mr. Daiches draws an analogy between himself and Stevenson; but his tale is rather more like that of Gosse. Most Father and Son stories of this kind, particularly those with a religious background, follow the Gosse pattern of childhood acceptance, then conflict, rebellion, and finally—on the safe side of the escape—a bruised but remorseful affection. It is out of such a history that the sketches in Mr. Daiches's lively book have been written.

NAOMI LEWIS

Man in Sickness and in Health

The Human Species. By ANTHONY BARNETT. *Penguin Books.* 5*s.*

Human Disease. By A. E. CLARK-KENNEDY. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Chemistry: The Conquest of Materials. By KENNETH HUTTON *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Of these three books, Mr. Hutton's comes nearest to being a textbook: his subject is the technology of matter, and makes good sixth-form reading (it would be useful beyond the sixth form if it had a bibliography). He treats chemistry logically, not historically—this is the right way to teach, but in reading him with the other two new Pelicans I could not help thinking more of the aspect of chemistry which the logical approach based on present knowledge misses—that this is a subject where, as in physics, the mysteries and the philosophies, the self-evident and the fundamentally impossible, were progressively rounded up and driven by workers whose aims were technological and who were, and are, astonished at the territories they found themselves invading. Columbus did not set out to prove that the earth was round, nor the alchemists to prove that the elements could be transmuted. Both of them were looking for gold.

Human biology, the subject of the other two books, has, so far as I know, no chair in any British university. Yet it comprises all the discoveries of the twentieth century which have done most to form a characteristically contemporary climate of thought. Chemistry and physics revolutionised the attitudes of the pre-Darwinian nineteenth century after, not before, they revolutionised practical living. The new attitudes to man and to society have become part not only of educated thought but of ordinary speech in advance of their application. We cannot, I think, be very far from a crisis of choice—our fathers did not go on using woad and hand-looms when they knew about dyes and steampower, however unwelcome the emotional and philosophic aspects of the change. Practical and financial considerations spoke louder than conservatism. If we still have hangmen and homosexual-hunts, and tolerate in office men who think that "niggers" are sub-men, it is because so far the vested interests lie in the other sense. Whether the vested interests are emotional or only economic is in dispute. We are not far, however, from the point at which the brake of anachronism on economics and technology will bring us to a standstill—reaction today has to be total reaction: the predominance of the punishers, the prohibitors, and the supermen will become too expensive.

Some such argument is implicit in Dr. Barnett's

book. His position is, I imagine, Marxist—the exposition of the social and psychological, as well as the genetic, economic and evolutionary aspects of human biology is something of a test of Marxism. Dr. Barnett's variety emerges well from this, though the best of his book comes almost bodily from Engels, and there is far more awareness of the kind of social psychology which informed pre-Malinowskian writings about man than of modern social anthropology. The result, in an extremely readable book, is a half-portrait of social man as the biological sciences have revealed him, which has some excellent writing on behavioural psychology and nature versus nurture, but nothing about the psychology of power in society or the correlation between personality, social upbringing, and opinion. If the Barnett-Engels view of economic motivation in cultures is sufficient, we should see some marked progress soon—it is expensive enough already to be governed by Edens and Krushchevs, and to maintain prisons when we could subsidise planned investigation of delinquency. History and anthropology rather suggest that emotional satisfaction with power is a more important motivation than wealth, at least in the vocal and governing parts of a culture, but since continued power today depends on technology, and effective technology on applying social knowledge to society, the event may be the same.

I have been tempted into arguing with Dr. Barnett: Dr. Clark-Kennedy approaches man as a biologist of another kind and from a different direction. He is one of the outstanding clinicians and teachers to whom a generation of doctors owe something of their knowledge and education. If Barnett stresses the need for change, he stresses the inevitabilities. It is a feat of understanding, based on a long sympathy with anxious people, that in giving a lucid account of almost every kind of disease and disorder which may attack us he is never frightening to the most hypochondriacal. He is deeply and thoughtfully concerned with traditional philosophy and values. He, too, attacks the question of nature and nurture, particularly in stressing the genetic component in mental illness among people "predisposed, presumably through the kind of brain they have got (it is impossible to conceive of genetic mental predisposition in any other way) to intellectual failure." This seems rash—why not the kind of adrenals or plasma proteins? And those of us who are working on old age must prefer Metchnikoff's conviction to Dr. Clark-Kennedy's hope, humane as it is, that we shall never succeed in postponing ageing. The contrast in these books is instructive—the radically minded scientist and the philosophically minded physician, both of them humanely concerned with man, both having a contribution to make to the planning of the future, based on the same facts, but differing in terms—of the kind of brains they have got? of the experience they have had? It is profitable to read them together.

ALEX COMFORT

Bumptiousness for Me!

The Shaw-Barker Letters. Edited by C. B. PURDOM. *Phoenix.* 25*s.*

This collection of Shaw letters is largely of a technical interest. They consist almost entirely of production suggestions sent to Granville Barker throughout the course of the Vedrenne-Barker partnership, first at the Court and then at the Savoy, the Kingsway and the Duke of York's; a very large proportion of them deal with questions of casting and weigh up the possibilities of various actors and actresses whose names no longer mean much, if anything, to the general public. But there are also some *trouvailles* of a general theatrical kind scattered here and there.

Casting, as Shaw keeps on hammering in, is of supreme importance in the launching of a play (in the last two years I have seen at least two first-class comedies sink entirely owing to miscasting) and he would, obstinately as the others thought, hold up a play—*Candida* is an instance—until exactly the right cast could be assembled. What the pioneers were up against was the current fashion of acting. Actors accustomed to Grundy and Pinero pulled out just the wrong vibrato stops for the new anti-romantic heroes and heroines (the plain comics were all right). A further source of difficulty about casting peeps through at times. Barker was irredeemably what we now call a highbrow: Shaw never was. Barker inclined to the low-toned and the delicate: Shaw to the rumbustious:

> When will you understand that what has ruined you as a manager is your love for people who are "a little weak, perhaps, but just the right tone." The right tone is never a little weak perhaps; it is always devastatingly strong. Keep your worms for your own plays; and leave me the drunken, stagey, brass-bowelled barnstormers my plays are written for.

And in another letter he had defined his position, in writing about another actor: "He has a chronic depression and delicacy that should make him a man after your own heart for your own plays. Bumptiousness for me!"

One glimpses, too, that this partnership between Barker and Shaw was, as all such partnerships are, a compromise. Shaw was not all the lonely old artist man. He was intensely practical in the everyday business of production—every letter here shows that—and extremely hard-headed. The Vedrenne-Barker management was essential to him to get his plays out on to the stage, since the commercial managers were scared of them. But Barker was really rather too milk-and-watery for his taste. And he didn't like losing his money (in the end he lost quite a bit) for milk-and-water. In an early letter to Vedrenne, when the accounts looked bad after the

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failure of St. John Hankins's *The Return of the Prodigal*, he wrote:

> . . . neither of you understand what has made the Court possible. I have given you a series of first-rate music-hall entertainments thinly disguised as plays, but really offering the public a unique string of turns by comics and serio-comics of every popular type.

And again, later on, to Barker:

> I repeat again and again if you can't handle Playfair [this was Nigel Playfair] you can't manage a theatre: you can only do what the others do—train worms to play your own game. No doubt it is a very good game; but it is not *the* game. Playfair is a born actor, just as Gurney is. You hate the thing because it is so blatant and unreal—because it is a garish projection of an over-emphasised personality; but it draws and pays. And my plays are built to stand that sort of thing. The provinces stand it and like it. You must make up your mind to supply it to the provinces and to get back by it a good deal of the money you will lose—or not make—at the Savoy.

Shaw was the shrewdest manager of his own business. Even after he was successful enough for the actor-managers to queue up for his plays, he was cagey about giving them. He was against the long run, but not entirely for the artistic reasons which are commonly advanced against it now; rather, for the business reason that the commercial manager ran the success "to death" so that it then wouldn't be heard of for ten years after. There were no provincial repertories in those days to keep a play alive after its London run. This batch of his letters gives an interesting view of the practical man of the theatre at work.

T. C. WORSLEY

Peter Owen have published the *Dictionary of Early English* compiled by Joseph Shipley (70s.)—which includes words likely to be met in reading literature or history, also words that "might be usefully revived"—and the *Dictionary of New Words* compiled by Mary Reifer and introduced by Eric Partridge (30s.).

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Irrev'rend Beggary

The Poetical Works of Charles Churchill. Edited by DOUGLAS GRANT. *Oxford.* 63*s.*

Charles Churchill was born in 1731, the son of a Westminster curate. He was destined for the Church, and upon this plan his family appears to have insisted even when he had sacrificed to an imprudent marriage the more timely and less venturesome course of going up to Cambridge. He celebrates in *The Author* the resulting poverty of his prospects:

> Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed,
> 'Ere it was known that I should learn to read . . .
> Condemn'd (whilst proud, and pamper'd Sons of Lawn,
> Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
> In pomp of *rev'rend begg'ry* to appear
> To pray, and starve on forty pound a year.

Such penury was not to Churchill's liking. He was no Dr. Primrose, and his behaviour after taking orders might have been in the mind of Crabbe when he wrote *Inebriety:*

> The reverend wig, in sideway order plac'd,
> The reverend band, by rubric stains disgrac'd,
> The leering eye, in wayward circles roll'd,
> Mark him the pastor of a jovial fold,
> Whose various texts excite a loud applause,
> Favouring the bottle, and the good old cause.

Happily, Churchill's clerical duties lay in London. He was able to frequent the theatres and write *The Rosciad*, which he published with applause in 1761. The success of this poem suggesting to him the possibility of living upon the booksellers and upon patrons, he decided, boldly and sensibly, to resign from his ecclesiastical employments—an act which he carried out with very decent expressions of gratitude and respect towards his superiors. About this time he attracted the notice of Wilkes, and formed with him an alliance which had the consequence of drawing him towards preponderantly political satire for the rest of his short career. His habits remained irregular. He frequented the Hell Fire Club, eloped with a wench, and appeared in places of public resort accompanied by Paphians. As with Pope, whom he disliked, the large malignity of his writings fails wholly to obscure an attractive character; at least he seems to have rated as a good fellow in terms of the sentimental morality of the age. But his ill courses took their toll. Churchill died at Boulogne—in Garrick's words, "a noble ruin"—at the age of thirty-two.

The Rosciad has more vigour than originality. The idea comes from *Mac Flecknoe* and much of the method from *The Dunciad*. Roscius being dead, his seat is put into competition amongst his descendants, male and female, on the London stage. The poet comments on their several claims in verses very sparing in encomium, and the players might with some justice have complained at being treated so scurvily by one to whom they had afforded so many of his less culpable pleasures. As arbiters Churchill appoints Shakespeare, "a noble wildness flashing from his eyes," and Jonson who, being "in antient learning train'd," controls his Fancy's flights with a rigid judgment and correctly prunes what is luxuriant in his thought. *The Rosciad* is brilliantly clever. Moreover it promises more than Churchill—like Oldham, another Marcellus—was to fulfil. There is the restlessness of a poet who proposes to be up and doing; who will presently, perhaps, be retracing the stream of English satire from the smooth flow of Pope to the nervous impetus of Dryden. And indeed in some of the later poems, notably *An Epistle to William Hogarth*, Churchill goes momentarily farther, and reaches something like the muddied source of the kind in the turbulent and inelegant invectives of Marston and Hall. The energy of the *Epistle* is magnificent. But it was less to the taste of the age, and Garrick spoke of it disapprovingly as the most bloody performance that had been published in his time.

A reliable text of these poems is not difficult to provide, but a commentary is another matter. Few English poets since Cleveland can have cast themselves so much upon the charity of editors here, and Churchill must be accounted lucky in having knocked, even so late in the day, at Mr. Grant's door. One example of his good fortune may be cited. Hogarth is thus addressed at line 517 of the *Epistle:*

> THRO' ev'ry *Pannel* let thy Virtue tell
> How BUTE prevail'd, How PITT and TEMPLE fell!

Mr. Grant doesn't irritate us by explaining "Virtue"; and on the falls of Pitt and Temple he merely directs us to apposite places in other of Churchill's works. But he does give what few of us would find unassisted, a passage from the *North Briton* for September 25, 1762:

> [Hogarth] is rewarded, and made *serjeant* painter. . . . I think the term means the same as what is vulgarly called *house*-painter; and indeed he has not been suffered to *caricature* the royal family. The post of portrait painter is given to a *Scotsman*, one *Ramsay*. Mr. *Hogarth* is only to paint the wainscot of the rooms, or, in the phrase of the art, may be called their *pannel-painter*.

J. I. M. STEWART

Pre-Marx

A Voyage from Utopia. By JOHN FRANCIS BRAY. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 21*s.*

It is curious how neglected are the old English socialists. With the exception of Robert Owen their very names are unknown to all but specialist scholars. Who now has heard of Charles Hall, William Thompson, or Thomas Hodgskin? Yet for thirty years before the *Communist Manifesto* there flourished an English school of socialism, based on Owenism and anti-capitalist economics. A generation ago their work was recalled by the researches of Max Beer, Harold Laski, G. D. H. Cole and H. L. Beales. But since the war very little has been done to carry the story forward: a biography of Thompson, a translation of Halévy's life of Hodgskin (written in 1903), some Chartist researches still under way—the sum total is not very impressive.

Of the pioneers of the modern Labour movement only a few could remember the previous great proletarian upsurge, Chartism; and fewer still had any knowledge of the socialist writings of the 1820s and 1830s. Between the collapse of organised Chartism after 1848 and the rise of modern labour in the 1880s there was a great void in which the early traditions of English socialism seem to have been largely forgotten. When those with a taste for doctrine looked for a theoretical foundation for their socialism it was to the writings of Marx, not Owen that they turned. Marxism in the second half of the nineteenth century so overshadowed all earlier socialist writings that they were not even considered seriously; they were simply dismissed as Utopian. Their sole claim to remembrance was the extent to which they were considered precursors of Marx and Engels. For this reason the name of an obscure Leeds printer, John Francis Bray, was saved from the oblivion which for so long embraced some of his less fortunate socialist contemporaries. His book, *Labour's Wrongs and Labour's Remedies*, published at Leeds in 1839, was acknowledged by Marx in his *Poverty of Philosophy*, and later he attained Marxist immortality in a footnote in *Capital*.

So far Bray's name has been known almost exclusively in connection with his remarkable book, *Labour's Wrongs*—remarkable for its clarity and force and also because it was the product of a working man. In recent years new material on Bray has come to light in America (where he emigrated in 1842) and from this it has been possible to sketch his life in some detail. This Dr. Lloyd-Prichard does in his thirty-page introduction to the present work. *A Voyage from Utopia* was written in 1840-41, but never published. It was intended as an answer to the critics of *Labour's Wrongs* who had declared him to be

too Utopian, and is in the form of a Utopian's account of a journey to the strange countries of Brydone, Franco, and Amrico. Beneath this thin disguise Bray gives a highly critical account of society in Britain, France and America, noting particularly the customs and habits of which he disapproves most. The result is a typical radical-reformer's condemnation of priestcraft, militarism, and lawyers, and a corresponding enthusiasm for penal reform and the emancipation of women.

It cannot be said that this work is in any way comparable with *Labour's Wrongs*. Only in chapter 7, when describing the class struggle in Britain, does Bray approach the quality of his earlier work. Perhaps the most valuable part of this volume is the introductory sketch of Bray's life; would that it had been longer.

J. F. C. HARRISON

Five Versions

Sophocles: Oedipus at Colonus. Translated by ROBERT FITZGERALD. *Faber*. 15*s*.

Aristophanes: The Frogs. Translated by DUDLEY FITTS. *Faber*. 15*s*.

Sophocles: Women of Trachis. A Version by EZRA POUND. *Neville Spearman*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Antigone. By JEAN ANOUILH. Translated by LOIS GALANTIÈRE. *Methuen*. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Aeschylus: The Oresteian Trilogy. Translated by PHILIP VELLACOTT. *Penguin*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

The mid-twentieth century has taken to Greek plays with more excitement than any other generation since the Renaissance. No doubt this is because they deal with violence and intractable opposition in a morality that affirms beauty and praise though it calls no man happy till he is dead. The plays used to be rather badly translated: the prestige of a classical education stood so high with those who had it that they believed understanding and assiduity were all one needed to translate poetry. Without trying to get inside a poet's skin they couldn't know that living speech has to be alive in its own time, so they fell for a dead language dug up but not revived from English antiquity. O inversions hateful and 'tweres of yore! The most effective versions are now coming from America because the translators think of themselves as poets writing verse-drama for a theatre. In the force and clarity of his dialogue Mr. Fitzgerald is an outstandingly good translator. He writes a language raised from our spoken words, in blank verse lines, each with its own rhythm but forming an architecture of continuous poetic speech. So this most likeable of Greek plays is extraordinarily well found in English. Oedipus, now as old as his creator (Sophocles was 92), a beggar, testy, foolish, but still a king in thought and conscious of having become holy through the extremity of his suffering, is made welcome in Colonus. Of the many choric hymns in praise of Athens the one here is the loveliest. That Yeats made a great English poem out of part of it should daunt any translator. Mr. Fitzgerald does not reach that kind of power but he does represent the whole of it with likeable distinction.

Mr. Fitts has managed *The Frogs* with the same sort of deftness. The play is a brute to translate, and to do so as deliciously as he has is a splendid feat of wit and language. The bumfun and the gags need a music-hall touch, yet the action passes back and forth from ribaldry to poetry, with a good deal of parody of other tragedians, and on to the famous Contest. This is the trial held by Dionysus to decide whether he shall rescue Aeschylus or Euripides from hell. Here, too, the tone races from clowning to literary and moral criticism. It's a mixture some can't take. For myself it leaves a wry aftertaste because I fancy it was one of the plays by this jovial moralist of the old school that did actually help to condemn Socrates.

As one whose heart rises at a manifesto more than with a trumpet I gladly pass on my conclusion from the four in favour of Ezra Pound which embellish *The Women of Trachis*: that it is our duty to urge any American intellectuals we meet to lobby for the freedom of Mr. Pound from the asylum where he is detained. He has deserved well of us if only for hating Mammon to the point of desperation called treachery. In this translation he rattles through Sophocles in dialogue actors could use with punch. If the Greeks talked too much he cuts the cackle for them, and in passages where he would have used demotic speech he does. So his Messenger says, "All started when he had a letch for the girl and when her pro-eh-Genitor 'Rytus wouldn't let him put her to bed on the Q.T. . . ." This is, of course, the gist of the Greek but not the nearest equivalent in speakable contemporary poetry to Sophocles' manner of saying it. But since Mr. Pound is pretty good at writing what Sophocles meant about ambivalent love—Deianeira, who gets the charming North American name of Daysair, half-knows that Nessus' blood is not a love philtre, yet she dips a shirt in it and kills her husband Heracles in long, extreme agony—he has made a peculiarly exciting play.

Mr. Pound's line should lead to M. Anouilh's method of composing a new play on an old theme. His *Antigone* was written for Paris in 1942, the story of a girl who resists authority hopelessly, unreasonably, and who involves others in suffering. The play runs pretty close to Sophocles, but it was existentially correct and politically necessary that Antigone's act in burying her brother should appear to be quite pointless except in so far as it is the action she has decided on, and Creon fully justified. I don't know whether to admire more M. Anouilh's wit in writing a Resistance play that ran for months unbanned, or his art in dressing up the sterility of the desperate act into a moving tragedy.

Mr. Vellacott writes a most intelligent and helpful introduction to *The Oresteian Trilogy*; though one notes the scholar's tendency to sterilise the giant themes of blood-guiltiness and justice by concentrating on the historic processes that caused Aeschylus to write in that way. The translation falls sometimes into accepted diction in a dullish iambic hexameter, but more often seems to have been written with an ear for the stage. Tested in a dramatic reading against older versions this one is strongly attractive by its clearness. An important addition to the Penguin University, for it enables any Englishman to discover why these three plays are held to be the greatest single dramatic work of man.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

New Novels

Remember Me. By DAVID STACTON. *Faber*. 15*s*.

The Widow. By FRANCIS KING. *Longmans*. 16*s*.

The Friend in Need. By ELIZABETH COXHEAD. *Collins*. 13*s*. 6*d*.

A Voyage in Love. By MUNGO MACCALLUM. *Deutsch*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Impostor. By JEAN COCTEAU. *Peter Owen*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Remember Me sticks out among these novels like a crag; it *had* to be written. It tells the story of Ludwig II, the "mad king" of Bavaria, who beguiled a lonely, eccentric reign by patronising Wagner and by building a series of incredible palaces—one a replica of Versailles, one a crag-castle dedicated to his hero Lohengrin—and eventually drowned himself in the year 1886. Mr. Stacton explains in his preface that the story of Ludwig has obsessed him; "for a while I seemed to inhabit him and relive his experience." The truth of this is evident from the absence of background, atmosphere, philosophic padding—whatever you like to call the stuff with which historical novelists usually protect themselves from the icy truth. The story concerns Ludwig alone, and it is told with only the shortest explanations of other people's conduct. Yet it is not a mad story. Ludwig did indeed go mad; the dangerous isolation of monarchy, acting on an immature nature, not yet clear of the fantasies of childhood, cut him off from reality before he had a chance to grasp it. But his desperate search for love, his obsession with purity were normal feelings; lit up and magnified by his strange predicament, they can serve to show us universal truths. I hope I do not misrepresent Mr. Stacton's purpose; I only want to make it clear that he has one; that his book is not a dabble in lunacy for lunacy's sake. I found it most impressive; sad, astute and profound. I rather think that the device of excluding other people's points of view has been carried too far for a book of this length; since Ludwig ignored so much of what went on round him, Mr. Stacton has to keep on about such topics as the isolation of royalty till he becomes repetitive, and even (contrary to his nature) obscure. And I should have liked rather more description of the palaces; could not at least one photograph have been smuggled in instead of that dreary design on the dust-cover? After all, these strange objects were part of Ludwig's dream-world. But excessive single-mindedness is not a common vice in a novel.

Miss Coxhead's *The Friend in Need* describes a child welfare officer and the children committed to her charge. The plot is neat, the events look fairly probable, and altogether it ought to be a quietly pleasant, ironic sort of book, but somehow it set my teeth on edge. The trouble, I believe, is a very common one. The author, not being able to detach herself firmly enough from the central character, has allowed that character's emotional tone to flood the book. And, just as Fanny Price did her best to spoil *Mansfield Park* by the infection of her own anæmic narrowness, so Miss Coxhead's Isobel in her small way devitalises this novel by her complacent indifference to her own affairs. Social workers, at the opposite end of the professional scale from actresses, play down their own problems; so it is impossible to write about them from their own

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point of view and yet make out that these problems are serious. For instance, Isobel, being the best-type-of-schoolmistress, is quite unaware that she has forgotten how to deal with an equal; excellent material for a novel, if it were not that Miss Coxhead is unaware of it too.

Mr. Francis King has written an unpretentious but satisfying book. *The Widow* is the story of an Anglo-Indian widow, bright but not extra intelligent, building up a new life for herself in England, devoting herself to the children whom she does not understand and who finally do not need her, trying to make sense of a changing world, going through the last war and eventually settling with those that she can help most. Such a character, smiling bravely up from the pages of the Thirkell squadron, could be remarkably nauseous, but Mr. King has somehow managed to strike the right balance between detachment and sympathy; she is a real woman, not a blank cheque for self-pitying readers. He is much helped by an admirable sense of period: the children's difficulty in understanding their mother is as clearly presented as hers in understanding them, and the various phases of the war are beautifully caught. Perhaps the point most delicately observed is the ration of self-deception on which such optimistic, practical women almost deliberately keep themselves going. This point, of course, also marks the limitations of the book, since a character who systematically resists knowledge about herself and those she cares for is no fit theatre for the major dramas of the soul. In its own kind, however, it is a fine novel.

Not having read any Cocteau before, I found *The Impostor* rather disappointing; it is striking, but slight and slapdash, a hasty drawing from an over-practised hand. It starts from the pleasing idea of an impostor who deceives himself, a young man who in the first war simply picks up a uniform and a name and persuades himself as well as other people that he is the nephew of a general. There are some excellent mordant touches, particularly at the end, where he plays at being a hero;

> A bullet. *I haven't a chance if I don't pretend to be dead*, he said to himself.
> But in him make-believe and reality were one.
> Guillaume Thomas was dead.

And the notion that unconscious frauds excel conscious ones is agreeable. But it does not really bite home because he is never tested; nobody in the book takes the slightest trouble to avoid deception. The extraordinary casual atmosphere of that war is in fact finely conveyed, the other chief character being a charitable princess who unofficially takes her own ambulance convoy to the front and then has to cajole the officers into letting her have casualties. Everything is chance and confusion; it is no field for testing tricksters. What it is, is a good film scenario; perhaps that is the intention.

A Voyage in Love is a pleasantly fresh and lyrical first novel by a young Australian about the difficulties of being in love with a dedicated scientist. It is intelligent and at times very funny; here is a minor character, a salesman:

> Expertly he appraised a full-page advertisement for tooth-paste. When you squeezed a tube of tooth-paste you knew what to expect. But when you squeezed a woman . . . a gamble. . . .

No more needs to be said about him, and very little is. Mr. MacCallum should go far.

MARY SCRUTTON

Gramophone Records

It is almost six years since Kirsten Flagstad withdrew from the stage, but in the last twelve months she has on two occasions been lured out of retirement. First by the Norwegian radio for a studio performance of *Die Götterdämmerung*, and then by the BBC to sing the title role in Gluck's *Alceste*. Decca have recorded both these performances and have also persuaded her to make two discs, one of *Lieder* and the other of excerpts from Wagner and the Wesendonck songs. It was of course the recording of *Die Götterdämmerung* that excited the highest hopes, for the role of Brünnhilde was the apogee of Flagstad's art. So far as she is concerned there is no disappointment whatever. It is indeed extraordinary to reflect that this sumptuous voice is that of a woman of almost sixty. And her artistry is such as to make one all too painfully aware of the deficiencies of her successors. Indeed in some ways her interpretation seems even to have deepened with the years. The manner in which, for instance, she sings "mit bang ersehnter Botschaft send' ich die Beiden zurück" in the final scene touches a quality of heroic tragedy such as she perhaps just missed in the 1947 Furtwängler recording of this passage of the final theme. There is, of course, occasionally some sense of effort in her high notes, but in the main she sings with an unflustered ease and radiancy and above all with an extraordinary musicality such as no other living Wagnerian soprano can approach.

No one, of course, expected the rest of the performance to be on this level. But when all allowances are made for the resources at the disposal of the Oslo radio, it remains wretchedly unworthy of the occasion. The orchestral sound is thick and lifeless, and rhythms are throughout intolerably flaccid. Little of the singing even reaches a level of mediocrity, and while Svanholm's Siegfried has at least a most welcome efficiency, the sound of his voice is about as unseductive as one could imagine. I underline these faults because many people will naturally wish to have this recording as a reminder of Flagstad in her greatest role. I feel that the quality of the performance as a whole does not warrant the purchase of six LP discs, and I should personally content myself with the fifth of these, which contains a good deal of the scene with Waltraute and some of the finest parts of the second act.

The general standard of the *Alceste* recording is, if not outstanding, at least a good deal higher than that of *Die Götterdämmerung*. It is, however, a pity that Flagstad decided to sing the Italian version, for it includes little additional music of interest sufficient to justify its great length, and dramatically it is less effective than the later French version. It is unusual to complain of performances of eighteenth-century music that are too small in scale, but here the use of what sounds like a chamber orchestra and choir seems to me questionable, for it robs the music of its essentially monumental quality. Flagstad gives an epic performance, especially in the latter half of the recording. Her handling of recitative is exemplary, and her placing of each note is wonderfully precise. She is ill-served by Raoul Jobin's crudely sung Admetus, but the remainder of the cast, and the choir and orchestra conducted by Geraint Jones, give careful and not unworthy support. Apart from a rather heavy bass the four disc recording is good.

If I were to choose a single new disc by which to remember Flagstad's singing, it would be a Decca recording of excerpts from *Lohengrin*, *Walküre* and *Parsifal* in which she is accompanied by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch. What so often makes Knappertsbusch's extremely broad tempi sound exaggerated is the inadequacy of the singers' breath-control, but here these tempi are matched to Flagstad's majestic style and the result is no less than superb. She lightens her voice cunningly for Elsa, and picks her way through the chromatic maze of Parsifal with wonderful sureness, but her singing of the role of Sieglinde is, if perhaps rather less poetic and ardent than Lotte Lehmann's, almost the best thing she has ever done on record.

On the other side of this excellently recorded disc is a performance of the orchestral version of the five Wesendonck songs, in which Flagstad is again splendidly accompanied by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Knappertsbusch. I must, however, admit that, resplendent and sure-footed though it is, her performance is less entirely satisfactory. I had always assumed that it was basically the disproportion between the dimensions of Flagstad's great voice and a piano accompaniment that made her *Lieder* so unsatisfactory. Here, however, she has orchestra in support, yet there is the same failure to get *inside* each song. The trouble is that Flagstad is essentially an epic singer, who is somehow incapable of making contact within the space of two or three minutes with the intense, personal emotion of a song. This is particularly evident in a recital of Schubert and Schumann recorded on Decca. Here she is downright dull, and even in the "Erlkönig" seems quite unable either to communicate the sense of growing urgency or to distinguish dramatically between the three characters.

* * *

In recent months there have been a number of recordings of the later Beethoven piano sonatas. As the couplings are rather confusing, I propose when discussing each performance to indicate in brackets what is on the other side of the record. Solomon's performance of the Waldstein on HMV (with Op. 111) is accomplished, sensible—and a bit uninteresting. On an ill-recorded Ducretet-Thomson disc (with Op. 109) Lili Kraus bangs her way through the sonata with angry vehemence. To many ears she may sound over-emphatic and jerky, but there is something undeniably Beethovenian about the insistent, savage way in which she goes at the music. After all, this is not a drawing room piece.

Wilhelm Kempff's performance of the Appassionata on DGG (with Op. 49 nos. 1 & 2) has passages of imaginative insight. Yet he does not always convincingly relate one phrase to its successor and thus he lacks the authority of Julius Katchen's more direct approach on an extremely well recorded Decca disc (with Op. 111). Whereas Kempff is continually seeking to underline passing beauties, Katchen seizes on a tempo and a rhythmic pulse and holds it, thus bringing the sonata home with tremendous impact. Kempff is, however, excellently recorded and his performances of the two little sonatas of Opus 49 are crisp and delicate, if at moments a little wayward.

It is extremely difficult to choose between performances of the great Hammerklavier Sonata by Solomon on HMV and by Kempff on DGG. Kempff takes the opening allegro too slowly and too lyrically, whereas Solomon gives a strong, straightforward reading. In the scherzo Kempff's rhythm is a bit loose; and although he secures a more lucid and eloquently phrased performance of the vast adagio, Solomon perhaps gets deeper into the music. Where Kempff decidedly scores is in the fugal finale, in which he outclasses Solomon's rather laboured performance with playing of great brilliance and luminous clarity. Furthermore, whereas Solomon has a poor recording that distorts badly in the

ART NEWS AND REVIEW

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first movement, DGG have provided Kempff with magnificent reproduction. None the less I think that my choice is just, but only just, with Solomon, for in spite of its drawbacks his performance seems to me closer to the essential spirit of the music.

There are no less than three contestants in Opus 109: Gieseking on Columbia (with Op. 110), Kempff on DGG (with Op. 101) and Lili Kraus on Ducretet Thomson (with Op. 53). Gieseking and Kempff both give crystalline performances of the first movement. But whereas Kempff seems at times preoccupied with detail and sonority for their own sakes, Gieseking's delicate performance has an underlying concentration that gives it an unobtrusive but steely strength. Kraus assaults the sonata fiercely, but to less final effect, if only because she lacks Gieseking's wonderful sense of *legato*. None the less she has a way of illuminating the music. In the second movement Gieseking is again clearly the winner. Kraus's forceful manner brings off the fifth fugato variation impressively (Gieseking is surely rather fast here) but elsewhere her playing tends to be heavy and uneven. Kempff scores with a limpid opening of great beauty, but thereafter refinement of tone approaches a rarification that is un-Beethovenian. It is Gieseking who secures utter lucidity yet enters into the innermost core of the music. His recording, however, suffers from a poor treble. Kempff again gets the best reproduction. His performance of Op. 101 is distinguished by lovely texture and many passing beauties, but he lingers too much and his *ritardandi*-ridden playing accordingly lacks impetus. His handling of the finale is singularly lacking in the *Entschlossenheit* enjoined by the composer.

In Opus 110, Kempff (with Op. 111), is at his best in the first movement which he brings off with considerable charm—indeed rather too much, as though the music were by Schumann. But even those in sympathy with his approach will hardly find much to say in favour of his downright eccentric handling of the scherzo, which he deprives of all momentum. Gieseking (with Op. 109) is first-rate here; and his grief-laden playing of the arioso achieves great intensity without ever emotionalising the music, while his performance of the fugue is both lucid and resplendently triumphant. He receives a good recording on Columbia.

On HMV Solomon gives (with Op. 53) a most worthy performance of the great C minor Sonata, Opus III. The first movement is directly and unaffectedly played, although the arietta is a bit uncommunicative and the texture clogged. Kempff (with Op. 110) has lucidity all right, but again his rhythms are not so potent as they should be and his performance of the first movement is insubstantial. But he plays the closing pages of the arietta with remarkable eloquence, if only because he allows himself a steady pulse. Katchen's performance on Decca (with Op. 57) is, however, much the most satisfying of the three. This is particularly true of the arietta. With a wonderful sense of ease he gives the music real movement and unforced intensity, and observes the marking *adagio molto* semplice *e cantabile*. The recording is excellent.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,113

Set by Hilbrian

The usual prizes are offered for a tutelary verse for the Prime Minister's residence, Chequers. Limit 16 lines; entries by April 9.

Result of No. 1,410

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a group of six Sayings of the Week from a Sunday newspaper of any single century, A.D. or B.C.

Report

Students of the column will agree that these Sayings seem rarely selected for their wit. The general effect is rather one of flatness; but a closer inspection will show that there are three main kinds: the sheer flat statement, uneasily assertive without its context; the flat *mis*-statement, or sheer reversal of truth; the circumstantial irony. This last, which may also be a branch of the first, derives its point only from time and event. Instances of all will be found in the winning entries, and in the selection given from the others;

The Fourteenth Century has been, in many ways, a period of transition between the Thirteenth Century and the Fifteenth.—*King Henry IV in a Christmas Day speech to the nation.* (Bryan Ellis.)

I had as lief go plant potatoes on the Indies as be a landlord in so scanty impoverished times as these be.—*The 2nd Earl of Bedford.* (A. M. Robertson.)

Of course I know people are only human; its just that I wish they wouldn't make so much fuss about it.—*Athene.* (C. M. Goller.)

Cleopatra and I are just good friends.—*Antony* (A. W.)

There are definite signs of a religious revival.—*Archbishop of Canterbury* 2057 A.D. (Jolyon Lea.)

I told you so.—*A Soothsayer* 44 B.C. (Graham Tayar.)

Blood is thicker than water—and nicer.—*P. S. Casca*, 44 B.C. (Bootlegger.)

Roman imperialism is all very well in its place, but its place is across the Channel.—*Queen Boadicea.* (Bryan Ellis.)

I never cried oranges in all my life.—*Mistress Nell Gwynne.* (Allan M. Laing.)

Prizes of three guineas to Vera Telfer; two guineas to Henry Parris; a guinea each to D. H. M. Cook and Nimai Chatterji. Honourable mention to all those quoted and to B. J. Harrison, Jack Fisch, and Robert Sack.

TEMPORA HEBDOMADIS
ANTE DIEM KAL. AP. A.U.C. 747

I am confident that my uncle was not referring to Britain when he stated, "Veni, vidi, vici."—*Augustus Caesar reviewing the 10th Legion.*

I have been responsible for the city's water supply for many years and I have never betrayed my trust by drinking a drop of it.—*Agrippa at a banquet of Aediles, Praetors and Quaestors.*

You will be telling me next that a slave is human.—*Praefectus Urbi in court.*

It is our duty as citizens to wear the toga in obedience to the Emperor: it is our privilege as tailors to make it fashionable.—*Chairman at Annual meeting of Sartores Romani.*

Marble buildings mean higher rents. Leave us our brick houses.—*Magister vici at meeting of Tenants' Assoc.*

Lavinia is known as a Patrician and a Vestal Virgin. As a Patrician she justifies her reputation.—*One of the Graffiti Romani.* VERA TELFER

NINETEENTH CENTURY

The American in England can hardly help feeling something of a poor relation.—*Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

The spirit world must be believed to be seen.—*Mr. Daniel Home.*

I am not convinced that Gibraltar is worth £175.—*Mr. Richard Cobden.*

The eradication of immorality from this country will not be possible without considerable additions to the present staff of Assistant Commissioners.—*Mr. Edwin Chadwick.*

Si le Reform avait besoin de la cuisine française, it était parce que la cuisine anglaise avait besoin de la réforme.—*M. Alexis Soyer.*

Nobody's going to cast me before swine.—*Miss Cora Pearl.* HENRY PARRIS

SIXTEENTH CENTURY

I am an easy man to get on with.—*Henry VIII.*

No Philip shall ever be Prince of England.—*Queen Elizabeth.*

I am in Peru as the leader of a geographical expedition.—*Francisco Pizarro.*

I do not wish to provoke religious controversy.—*Martin Luther.*

Who is this man Shakespeare?—*Sir Francis Bacon.*

The longest way round is the shortest way home.—*Sir Francis Drake.* D. H. M. COOK

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The age needs clear voices, not afraid to speak out; it needs Insiders.—*Mr. Colin Wilson, O.M.*

C'est la dékrushchevisation qui dékrushchevisera les dékrushchevisateurs.—*Le Figaro.*

Poetry is not the sort of thing I usually like.—*Mlle Minou Drouet.*

President Eisenhower's distinguishing features were tireless and self-sacrificing struggle against imperialism and racialism, and the desire to merge his own life with the life of " backward " peoples everywhere, and to improve their lot.—*Pravda.*

Fifty years ago the British Press discovered that the English language contained a word " anger."—*Sir John Osborne.*

Socialism is like measles; everyone has to go through it, but the facts of life are still ahead.—*Critic Jnr. in N.S. & N.*

NIMAI CHATTERJI

City Lights

Squeak

The Chancellor squeezed the motor industry hard last year. He waded into the home market with a higher purchase-tax and tighter HP regulations at a time when exports were already suffering from the partial closing of the easy Australian and New Zealand markets and a general stiffening of competition. Petrol rationing was the last straw. Rootes announced a few weeks ago that it had traded at a loss during the first half of its current financial year; British Motor has now made the same announcement and decided to pay no interim dividend. Ford, with new models to help it, did rather better than this. It made a reasonable, if smaller profit in the second half of last year, and the annual report makes it clear that it managed to keep up its sales more successfully than its competitors and to secure a larger share of the available market.

This same report confirms the common impression that the motor industry does not altogether relish the prospect of free trade between Britain and Europe. The free trade area, Sir Harry Pilkington told the British Institute of Management the other day, is an extremely good thing, and it will do no harm if some concerns have to face competition to an extent and of a type not experienced for many years. But it must be clear to all, Sir Patrick Hennessy informs Ford shareholders, that the motor industry cannot compete with continental manufacturers if the home market is severely burdened by taxation and other burdens: purchase-tax here is 60 per cent. while the German sales tax amounts to only 6 per cent. If Sir Patrick is right, the government is faced with an unpleasant choice. It can either make it easier for the motor industry to export by encouraging a level of home consumption greater than it thinks desirable, or it can restrict home consumption and allow a large part of the industry's massive investment to run to waste. It would be nicer for everyone if Sir Patrick was wrong.

* * *

Tin prices—and shares—have risen sharply with the news that the International Tin Council has raised its floor price from £640 to £730 a ton. The main purpose of the International Tin Agreement, to which both producing and consuming countries are parties, is to stabilise prices: the manager's job is to buy the metal when market prices are below a certain limit and sell it when they are above another. The market price of tin has been well above even the new floor level for some time, but producers had several reasons for wishing to see it raised. Their main point is that mining costs have been rising steadily; in several countries profit margins are now too small to keep production up, though there is an increasing need to open up new sources to meet the steady growth in consumption. Again, this steady rise in consumption, unmatched by a rise in output, is likely to provoke a long-term rise in the market price for tin, even though the price remains steady or even weakens over the months immediately ahead. In theory, the manager of the Agreement should counteract such a rise by selling metal—but at the moment, while he has plenty of money to buy with, he has no metal to sell. A rise in the floor price, the producers argue, makes it easier for him to stock up with metal while there is still a surplus.

The consumers have been half-convinced by these arguments. They have agreed to raise the floor price more than was expected, provided that the ceiling price is left unchanged. But the United States, which produces no tin of its own and is the world's largest consumer, is not represented on the International Council.

* * *

M. Mollet has one achievement to his credit. He has found the means to persuade French peasants to exchange the gold coins in their stockings for government I.O.U.s. Last autumn he announced a new loan designed to cover part of the year's military expenditure in North Africa, appealed to every Frenchman to make his contribution, and warned every Frenchman that new taxes would have to be imposed if the loan failed to raise £150m. In fact, it raised £313m. The Treasury had stuffed everything it could think of into the issue. There was a Premium Bond flavour about the drawings over 15 years, a savings certificate tang to the provision that the first five years' interest should be free of tax, and above all a thoroughly Finnish taste to the proposal that the capital value of the bonds should be tied to an index of share prices.

Now M. Mollet is doing it again. His new loan is on much the same lines as the last, but drawings will be over 10 years instead of 15, and each bond will be eligible for a 10 per cent. bonus on repayment. In its first fortnight, the new loan has pulled in £40m. The government hopes it will pull in £100-£150m. altogether: it is certainly paying enough to underline the poorness of its credit rating.

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The Chess Board

No. 385. Untimely Offer

It may be due to his lively interest in various fields that Ossip Bernstein, a grandmaster even before 1914, found all too little time for competitive chess. Yet, he has maintained his prowess and last summer, at the age of 74 he won the brilliancy prize in the Ostend tournament. Playing White against Doerner he wriggled out of this precarious position. /1r5kl/5pp1/p6p/2P1pKtb1/3pP1P1/P4Q2/1P1q1P1P/KR6/. After Black's menacing (28) . . . Q-QB7 Bernstein nonchalantly continued (29) Kt-Q6, B-B5. (30) P-Kt4, P-QR4? (B-Q7!). (31) Q-QKt3, Q-B6 ch. (32) Q x Q, P x Q. (33) P-B6, P-B7. (34) P-B7, P x R(Q) ch. (35) K x Q, R-R1. (36) P-QKt5, and won. The other day I wrote to Paris to congratulate Bernstein on his 75th birthday and to ask that notoriously witty man for his favourite reminiscence. Significantly he told a story against himself: how proudly he refused a draw offered by his old friend Amos Burn after 8 placid moves, and how humbly he made the offer himself, when some twenty moves later, he was drifting into a hopelessly lost position; whereupon Burn, with all his *phlegm Anglais*, peered at him over the rim of his spectacles and calmly remarked: " If you had accepted my earlier offer I might now consider accepting yours." That happened in the pre-atomic age, but it was only a few years ago at Montevideo that Dr. Bernstein (then aged 72) won this remarkable game against Najdorf.

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(19) B-B4	K-R1	
(2) P-QB4	P-Q3	(20) B-Kt2	P-KR4?(Kt-Q5!)	
(3) Kt-QB3	QKt-Q2	(21) Kt-Q5!!	P x Kt (forced)	
(4) P-K4	P-K4	(22) P x P	Kt-Q5	
(5) Kt-B3	P-KKt3	(23) Kt x Kt	P x Kt	
(6) P x P	P x P	(24) P-Q6	Q-Q2	
(7) B-K2	P-B3	(25) R x P!	P-B6 (B x R?)	
(8) O-O	Q-B2	(26) R(4)-K4!	Q-B4	
(9) P-KR3	Kt-B4	(27) P-Kt4!	P x P	
(10) Q-B2	Kt-R4	(28) P x P	Q-Kt3	
(11) R-K1	Kt-K3	(29) R-K8!!	B-B4 (best)	
(12) B-K3	B-K2	(30) R x QR!	R x R	
(13) QR-Q1	O-O	(31) P x B	Q-R4	
(14) B-KB1	Kt(4)-Kt2	(32) R-K4	Q-R6	
(15) P-R3	P-KB4	(33) B-KB1	Q x P	
(16) P-QKt4	P-B5	(34) R-R4 ch!	P x R	
(17) B-B1	B-B3	(35) Q x Q	Kt x Q	
(18) P-B5	P-KKt4	(36) B x B ch	K-Kt1	
		(37) P-Q7	resigns	

Here (with Metger as the victim) is a game played by the wily doctor nearly forty years ago:

(1) P-QB4, P-K4. (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3. (3) P-KKt3, P-Q4. (4) P x P, Kt x P. (5) Kt-B3, Kt-QB3. (6) B-Kt2, Kt-Kt3. (7) O-O, B-K2. (8) P-QR3, B-K3. (9) P-Q3, O-O. (10) P-QKt4, P-B3. (11) B-Kt2, Q-B1. (12) R-B1, R-Q1. (13) Kt-K4, Kt-B5. (14) Q-B2, Kt x B. (15) Q x Kt(b2), B-R6. (16) B x B, Q x B. (17) P-Kt5, Kt-R4. (18) Q-R2 ch, K-R1. (19) R x P, R-Q2. . . .

and now I might as well save the **A** diagram and make this the 4-pointer for beginners. How then did Bernstein force Black's resignation in a few moves?

B is also one of Bernstein's game positions, slightly amended and thereby turned into a neat little study. How did White get away with a draw? While this is far too easy for 6 ladder-points **C** may be no bargain for 7. It is also a draw, and quite a beauty too.

B: O. Bernstein

C: J. Hasek 1933

Usual prizes. Entries by April 8.

REPORT on No. 382. Set March 9

A: (1) Q-Kt4 would win a piece.

B: (1) Kt-B6, B-B2; (2) Kt-Q4, B-R4; (3) Kt-K6, K-R5; (4) K-K5! K-Kt4; (5) K-Q5, B-Kt3; (6) K-Q6, etc.
if (2) . . . B-Q1; (3) K-Q5, K-R5; (4) Kt-B6, B-Kt3; (5) K-B4, B-B2; (6) K-B5, etc.
if (1) . . . B-Kt3; (2) K-Q5, K-Kt6; (3) Kt-Q4 ch, K-Kt5; (4) Kt-K6, K-Kt4; (5) K-Q6, etc.

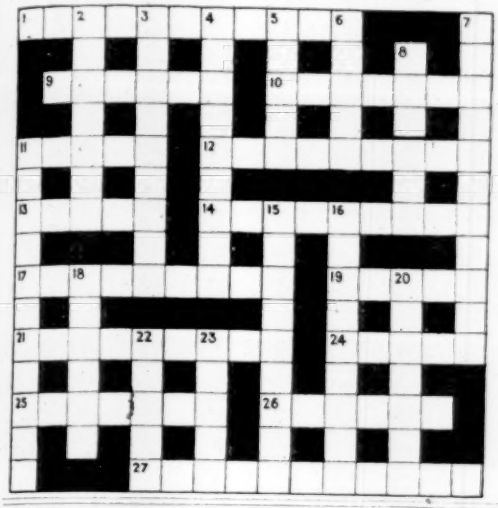
C: (1) K-Kt3! K-K5; (2) K-Kt2! (B2?), K-K6; (3) K-B1, K-K5!; (4) K-K1, K-K6; (5) K-Q1, K-B5; (6) K-Q2, K-K5; (7) P-K3, K-B6; (8) K-Q3, K-Kt6; (9) K-K4! K-Kt5!; (10) K-K5, K x P; (11) K-B4, K-R6; (12) P-K4! (K-B3?), K-Kt7; (13) P-K5! (K-Kt5?), P-R5; (14) P-K6, P-R6; (15) P-K7, P-R7; (16) P — Q, P — Q; (17) Q-K2 ch, etc.

A far from easy lot; even so a good many correct solutions. Prizes: K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, B. Hayden, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sansom

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 244

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 244, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on April 9.



ACROSS

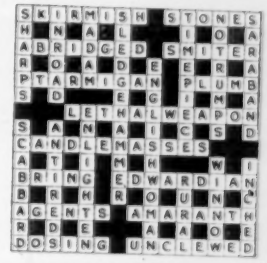
1. Town defeated while it changed (11).
9. Creating a matriarchal situation? (6).
10. Inculcate in a way to make him plan tidily (7).
11. The river is learning about me (5).
12. Furious women finished with men and a date (9).
13. Roman Emperor born during a festival (5).
14. Vessels return to annoy a foreign port (9).
17. If painless these cases would become trials (9).
19. I make a mistake in a place near Oxford (5).
21. Subdue a bowler's energy? (9).
24. Beg for a penny in a kind of prison (5).
25. A shilling off the wages would reduce them to extremities (7).
26. Vile disease (6).
27. On paper I react strangely in a strange hotel (11).

DOWN

2. The dog lies curled up round the dish (7).
3. Cover up the defects of a detergent? (9).
4. Tells an irrelevant anecdote with a different beginning for animals (9).
5. Peculiar expression of one unperceptive about love (5).
6. Flower for a detective (5).
7. Disaster as a punishment and a feature of a Greek play (11).
8. Coward's Englishman is the reverse of an Americanism (3, 3).
11. Brothel warnings for sailors? (11).
15. More obscure trick included by the untidy brats (9).
16. Battle in which the air gunner is being tried (9).
18. Deprived of society the austere person has become vinegary (6).
20. He is half the winner after the game (7).
22. Fold a page with a tale to unfold (5).
23. Jam the western border (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 242



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 242

F. R. Oliver (Oxford), Teresa Hooley (Risley), John and Bettie Prosser (Whitton).

PERSONAL

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COULD present-day society be improved? Come and contribute your ideas to group meetings and conferences of the Progressive League. Write Sec., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.1.

REGINALD Reynolds' new play for the toy theatre, Massacre of Penny Plain, 3s. 6d. Catalogue of theatres & plays: Benjamin Pollock, 44 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

KNOW-How means Writing Success for You. No Sale—No Fees Tuition. Free N.2. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

GIPSY wagon, redec., original stove, wired electricity, East Sussex. Box 1277.

DESPERATELY reqd. for rent small holding/country-house. Anywhere but Nth. Wales/Cheshire preferred. Box 1333.

SCIENTISTS, nannie, 3 children, seek exchange 5-bedrmd. London house, close tube, common, 20 mins. West End, or rent house country/sea, 2 weeks Aug. Box 1462.

ENGLISH couple offer bed & breakfast (Engl.) in mod. panoramic flat overlkg. Palma Bay. Write: Steve, Calle Tenient Mulet 93, El Terreno, Palma de Mallorca.

POLYPHILOPROGENITIVE, impecunious couple, seek ideas for seaside summer holiday. No caravans/tents. Box 1175.

LOVELY country S. of Vence. Easy access Cannes, Nice. Lady takes 2 guests, 2 beds, bathroom, breakfast, use kitchen evenings. 5gns. per week per head from April 15. Box 1348.

HOLIDAY accommodation 2 people, Sussex Downs, charming new bungalow overlooking Chanctonbury Ring. Sunshine, seclusion. Walking centre. Sea 8 miles. Box 1247.

COST-sharing car-travel. Seats spare or wanted registered free. S.a.e. "Contact," Scarletts, Cowden, Kent.

ACCOMMODATION in artist's house, St. Ives, Cornwall. Box 579.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated and willing, immed. available. Eductour, KNI. 4132.

"AU Pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes; France, Germany, Belgium, available. Eductour, KEN. 8806.

PAYING guests acc. & exchanges in gd. fam. wanted for Continental children/studs. W. End, seaside, cntry. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd. S.W.7. KNI. 4132/KEN 8806.

COSTA Brava. Write to me for good accommodation in private houses. Gibson, Clarendon Cottage, Park Town, Oxford. S.a.e. please.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL. 6655 for details.

EARN money songwriting! Interesting free book tells how. Send 2½d. stamp to Linton School of Songwriting (Desk N), 20 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2.

ECONOMIC Wines—big value in big bottles! Excellent Bordeaux Rouge, Rosé, Blanc, 9ls. per dozen extra large bottles, carr. paid (equals 6s. 2d. usual size!) Trial three 23s. 6d. Lists. Vault 4, Peter Dominic, Ltd., Wine Shippers, Horsham.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PERSONALIST Club. Informal social activities, discussion, conversation, music. All welcome. Write for details. Box 1177.

HUMANISM: A philosophy for modern man. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

PERSONAL—continued

SPRING & Easter Holidays: Our Easter & Springtime holidays include Easter house parties in Britain, Spring ski-ing parties in Austria or Switzerland, Easter parties to Amsterdam, Paris, South of France, Majorca, and a variety of Spring Flower and Sunshine holidays in Italy, South of Spain or Switzerland. Costs from £7 10s. (Britain), £19 19s. (Abroad). Details from Erna Low, 47 (N.S.), Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

WHY not visit Czechoslovakia! An exciting new country with beautiful scenery and historic cities, rich colourful folklore and wonderful food and wines. Special bonus exchange rate makes a holiday in Czechoslovakia the best value for money. A conducted coach tour leaves on August 4 and 18 and Sept. 1 for 15 days and costs 52gns. only—visiting Vienna, romantic Slovakia, the High Tatra Mountains and Prague. Or we can arrange an independent holiday in Czechoslovakia at equally attractive rates. Send now for full details—Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel. MUS. 8499.

ASK Allways to give you a quotation for your independent holiday and benefit from their experience. You will save yourself both time and money. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Ave., London, W.C.1. CHAncery 6436/7.

VALENCIA & The Costa Blanca. All the sunshine, beaches and attractions of Palma and the Costa Brava, and more besides. This delightful Mediterranean coast still retains its unspoilt Spanish flavour and accommodation is available on all dates. Week-end departures by B.E.A. Viscount to Valencia—a fortnight's holiday including excursions costs as little as 52gns. Send now for full details to Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel. MUS. 8499.

NEW Vistas—1957 by Rail and/or Air. Escorted travel—independent holiday. Spain, Andorra, Portugal, Tangiers, Malta, Madeira, Norway, etc. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

MOSCOW welcomes you to the World Youth Festival in August! Holiday-of-a-lifetime for only £47 all-in. Sports, events, films, drama, music, free and open discussion with the youth of the world. Don't miss this great chance to see the world—and hear what it has to say! If you're under 30 write today (enclosing s.a.e.) for full details to Dept. N.I., British Youth Festival Committee, 351 Goswell Rd., London, E.C.1.

CONTINENTAL holidays by air, coach or rail, not mass-produced but with individual attention to both travel and hotels. Before you decide, see our booklet covering all European countries. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Tel. WHI. 4114/5.

1957 Summer Holidays off the beaten track. Walking tours in all parts of the Alps and in Scandinavia. Also unconventional sightseeing tours. Write to R. A. Services, Ltd., 48(b) Park Road, N.W.1. AMB. 1001.

COSTA Brava. Villas & flats to let. Dets.: Dr. Cooper, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League for holidays abroad. Illustrated brochure I.F.L.(S), 3 Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.7.

IF all the bottles of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry drunk last year were laid end to end across the Atlantic Ocean, they'd sink. What a dreadful waste that would be. Let's not try it.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

PERSONAL—continued

LYRICS & Sketches wtd. for Irving Non-Stop Revue, Irving Theatre, Leic. Sq.

COUNTRY House Holidays with riding from April 1 to May 1. Parndon Hall, 45 minutes from London, offers all that the Holiday Maker who rides can desire. 20 horses to choose from with competent keen instruction under a qualified Instructress. Gymkhanas, and games, excursions, and organised evening entertainments for youngsters 7 to 17. Particulars: Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. 'Phone Harlow 24511.

HEAVEN for honeymoon or holidays. Fm. rms. 7s. 6d. p.d., 50s. p.w.; unfrn. 2s. 6d. p.d., 15s. p.w. B.k.g. Varya Vergauwen, Rigg Beck, Newlands, nr. Keswick. S.a.e.

"ROSE-red city. . . ." Lady wants lift Petra or nearest Levant destination. Also plenty of less exotic motorists and passengers on our list. Encouraging response from all over country enables us halve charges to past & future clients. Write, with s.a.e. please, to 10 Abercorn Mansions, N.W.8.

GRANADA, Spain. Fiestas and Fun. Siestas and Sun. Spanish language courses in June, July, August. The finest holiday at amazingly low all-in cost. Details from Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado, 244, Granada, Spain.

GO gay this summer! Join the Club Mediterranee and spend the holiday of your life at one of the Club's island villages in Italy or Greece. Underwater exploration, water ski-ing, French cuisine, wine at meals all included in a moderate cost. Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street, London, W.8 (entrance in Wrights Lane). WES. 1517.

HORSE-drawn barge holidays: still some vacancies April, May, Sept. Box 1179.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48, Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4854.

HOW to Write and Sell. Send to-day for free folder. "What's in it for You." The Writer, 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

TICKLE Your Palate—have some delicious Burgess' Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

FRESHLY roasted pure coffee by post 7s. per lb. Rayner, 101 Antrobus Rd., W.4.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon: send a card for weekend & holiday list.

TRY an "En Famille" Holiday in Austria, France, Germany, etc. Why not join one of the special groups visiting our Austrian Host-Family-Centre: or let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. Brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

A.T.V.'s television programme "The 64,000 Question" is on a nation-wide search for men and women who have a remarkable knowledge of any subject other than the one they earn their living by. The 64,000 Question, A.T.V., Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

P.S.—An optimist is a person who expects to find vacancies in a "Harold Ingham" party in June—a pessimist expects them all to be fully booked in January. Optimists applying for places in "Musicians' Tours" to Austria (with five "Salzburg Festival" tickets) may still not be disappointed. There are even some places still vacant in other parties described in "Summer Schools Abroad," obtainable from 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Semi-display £4 per single column inch. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

BRITISH CARIBBEAN FEDERATION

Applications are invited for the following posts on the Establishment of the Federal Government of the West Indies:

(a) Senior Economist, salary $10,800 per annum;
(b) Economist, salary $8,880 per annum;
(c) Two Research Assistants, Economic, salary on the scale of $4,080 × 240 to $5,520;
(d) Two Research Assistants, Statistics, salary on the scale of $4,080 × 240 to $5,520;

Rate of exchange $4.80 to pound sterling.

Posts will eventually be pensionable on the Federal Establishment and arrangements would be made to preserve existing pension rights of serving Government officers by secondment. Selected candidates would be required to serve in Trinidad when headquarters are established there and initially, and at any stage, in any of the West Indian islands. Free passages provided on first appointment and termination for officer and family up to five persons in all. Leave at the rate of 45 days a year. Leave passages up to three adult passages after tour of two and a half years.

Senior Economist would be required immediately on assumption to initiate and direct programme of preparatory work of collating data and of economic assessment of the Federal area in order that interim Govefnment and, by April, 1958, Federal Government can be presented with studies and base plan on which economic planning can be formulated. He will be attached to the Federal Economic Planning Unit and will work in collaboration with the Federal Statistician. The post must be accepted on the understanding that it may later be decided to appoint another Economist of equal or higher rank or salary.

Qualifications required are an honours or research degree in economics with at least five years' experience in the field of applied economics, i.e., in economic planning organisation or Department of Finance or trade and production or comparable experience elsewhere in economic research investigation, or survey of practical nature. Practical knowledge of economic problems of under-developed territories desirable, also ability to apply theoretical knowledge to their solution. Administrative experience essential and capacity to set up and run economic planning organisation as a department of the Federal Government.

Economist will work under the direction of the Senior Economist in carrying out the above duties. Honour or research degree in economics required with at least two years' experience similar to that required for Senior Economist.

Research Assistant will work under the direction of the Senior Economist and Federal Statistician respectively on normal duty of these appointments. A degree in economics required preferably with some post-graduate experience as Research Assistant in economics or statistics.

Applications giving age and particulars of qualifications and experience, together with names of two personal referees, should be submitted before 12 April, 1957 to Federal Establishment Officer, Pre-Federal Secretariat, Bridgetown, Barbados, from whom further particulars may be obtained. One copy of application to

DIRECTOR OF RECRUITMENT,
Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, S.W.1, quoting BCD.123/500/02.

BALDING & MANSELL LTD., DESIGNER-PRINTERS

An unusual opportunity occurs for a man with an appreciation of graphic design and with the ability to sell at the highest level. An existing detailed knowledge of print is less essential than a lively mind, a cultured background and enthusiasm. The work will be based on our Head Offices in Bloomsbury and the earnings and conditions will be attractive. Applications should be sent to The Chairman,

BALDING & MANSELL LTD.,
3 Bloomsbury Place, London, W.C.1.

ORGANISER required for Northumberland, Cumberland and Westmorland area, centre Newcastle. Applicants must be able to lecture on several N.C.L.C. subjects. Salary £575 rising by £25 to £650 per annum. Four weeks' annual holiday. Superannuation scheme. Apply J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Publicity Officer (Music). Duties include production of weekly bulletin of news to the Press, special promotion of news and articles to individual newspapers and periodicals, attendance at concerts, including the Promenade Season, and maintaining personal contacts with journalists. Required to write about music of all kinds except dance music. Journalistic experience, wide knowledge of the personalities in the music world, including music critics, ability to find news in programmes and personalities and present it in journalistic form essential. Salary £1,060 possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.139 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.C.1, within five days.

BBC requires Schools Assistant in Cardiff. Work includes script editing and producing broadcasts both in Welsh and English. Qualifications required: teaching experience, special knowledge of interests and capabilities of young children, thorough acquaintance with Welsh language, literature and folk lore, some knowledge of music. Some experience of dramatic production desirable. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.138 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

WAR Office. Military Survey Directorate at Tolworth, near Surbiton, Surrey, require Assistant Map Curators (minimum age 18). Qualifications: G.C.E. "A" Level in Geography and Mathematics and/or one modern language. Salary £529 (age 25)-£868 (inclusive). A special £50 increase in addition to annual increment may be payable after one year's service. Map Library Assistants (minimum age 16). Qualifications: G.C.E. "O" Level in Geography and mathematics and/or one modern language. Salary £240 (age 16)-£460 (age 25)-£690. Women's scales slightly lower but subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Duties: Various aspects of survey, cartographic and air photographic records. Five-day week. Generous leave. Prospects for establishment and promotion. Forms from M.L.N.S. Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, S.W.1, quoting G12 7A. Closing date April 6, 1957.

ST. JAMES Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disease, Portsmouth Group 49, South West Metropolitan Region. Applications are invited for the following posts: (a) Senior Psychiatric Social Worker: scale £640 to £850 per annum. (b) Psychiatric Social Worker: scale £495 to £750 per annum. The qualifications necessary are as set out in paragraph 2 of P.T.A. Circular No. 33. There is an extremely busy Out-Patient Department at the Hospital and also a fully equipped Department of Child Psychiatry with an in-patient unit for the observation and treatment of children suffering from emotional disorders. For the Senior post, which carries the responsibility for the administration of the Psychiatric Social Work Department (total establishment four) it will be necessary for the successful candidate to have had at least four years' experience as a Psychiatric Social Worker. Both posts involve case work in connection with adult in- and out-patients. The appointments are subject to the National Health Service Superannuation Regulations, and Conditions of Service are as agreed by the appropriate Whitley Council. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be forwarded to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

CANE Hill Hospital Management Committee, Cane Hill Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the position of Psychiatric Social Worker (third). The hospital provides accommodation for over 2,000 male and female patients and serves a wide area in South London where five out-patient clinics are held. Clerical assistance is provided. Applicants must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council "A" for the Health Service. Applications, giving the names of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of full-time Social Worker. Duties, Social and Welfare Work amongst aged persons, including Home Visiting. Social Science qualifications and/or practical experience in case work an advantage. Salary £350/£450 according to qualifications and experience. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and names of two referees to be returned by April 9, 1957, to Hon. Secretary, Finsbury Old People's Welfare Committee, c/o Finsbury Health Centre, Pine Street, E.C.1.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind, Chorleywood College (for girls with little or no sight), Chorleywood, Herts. Required as soon as possible an assistant mistress to teach German to scholarship level with some typing. The post would be temporary at first and preferably resident. Candidates for perm. appointment from Sept. will also be considered. Burnham Scale with Special Schl. increments. Apply Headmistress.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Khartoum. Applications are invited for (a) Senior Lectureship or (b) Lectureship in Economics. Salary scales: (a) £S1602 × 75—£S1977 p.a.; (b) £S1152 × 75—£S1677 p.a. Entry point according to qualifications and experience. Cost of living allowance approximately £S95 p.a. Outfit allowance £S50. Family allowances: wife £S60 p.a., 1st child £S90 p.a., 2nd and 3rd child £S30 p.a. each. Passages for appointee and family on appointment, termination and annual leave. Appointments on contract for 5 years with possibility of renewal. Superannuation Scheme. Detailed applications (8 copies) naming 3 referees by April 20, 1957, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Sq., London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

FEDERATION of Rhodesia and Nysaland. Vacancy: Economist. Department of the Federal Prime Minister and Cabinet Office. Applications are invited from candidates, under 45, with a good Honours Degree in Economics and who have had experience in an economic advisory capacity, or in lecturing in Economics, for the post of Economist in the Economic Section of the Department of the Prime Minister and Cabinet Office, Salisbury. The post is permanent and pensionable. Salary £2,150 p.a. (Fixed). Duties of the Section include advice to the Government on economic questions, development planning and the preparation of memoranda on these and other allied topics. The successful applicant will work as deputy to the Chief Economist, who is head of the Section. Applications, in duplicate, giving details of nationality, age, marital status, qualifications, experience, date available, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Secretary (R), Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2, by April 26.

UNIVERSITY of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N.B., Canada. Applications are invited for an assistant professorship in the Department of English. The appointee should be a specialist in English Language who is prepared to teach introductory courses in English Literature and a senior course in Anglo-Saxon and Middle English. The salary scale is $4,500 to $6,000, with an annual increment of $180. Applications, with full supporting documents, should be sent airmail to Desmond Pacey, Head of the Department of English.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council. Health Department. Applications are invited for the post of trained and experienced Family Case Worker (man or woman) with Social Science qualifications for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £543 5s. rising to £625 5s. per annum. The post is superannuable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, should be sent to The County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne 1, as soon as possible.

AN Assistant Warden is required for an experimental Home in Surrey, started six years ago by the London Police Court Mission, for 35 boys on probation between the ages of 15 and 18 years. Applicant must be single, of good education, and preferably with Social Science or Youth Leader qualifications. Salary by arrangement and in accordance with experience and qualifications. Write, with names and addresses of three referees, to the General Secretary, London Police Court Mission, 2 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

REQUIRED for September or earlier, Warden for St. Stephen's House, Sheffield. St. Stephen's is a Church Community Centre in a redevelopment area of the city, and the person (ordained or lay) or married couple appointed should be in sympathy with and prepared to share in the life of the Church and the community. There is a small modern flat in the Centre for the use of the Warden. For a married couple with children a larger flat might be provided. Salary in accordance with qualifications and experience. Applications (with testimonials and names of referees) should be sent within 14 days to the Rev. A. Jowett, St. George's Vicarage, Sheffield 3 from whom further partics. may be obtained.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications invited from persons possessing a Mental Health or other certificate recognised by the appropriate Whitley Council for whole-time, part-time or sessional appointment at the Mid-Essex Child Guidance Clinic, Chelmsford. Nationally negotiated rates of remuneration and conditions of service. Medical examination. Post superannuable. Application form from County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Chelmsford. Canvassing disqualifies.

EAST Sussex County Council. Children's Department. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for appointment as Child Care Visitor mainly to be concerned with preventive and rehabilitation work. The person appointed will also carry out other duties concerned with children in the Council's care. Salary A.P.T. I-II according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and particulars (s.a.e.) obtainable from Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, returnable within fourteen days from the appearance of this advertisement. H. S. Martin, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Lewes. March, 1957.

AUTHOR wants help. Biblical History. Pratt, 6 Burnaby Rd., Bourne...ath.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY and County of Bristol. Department of Public Health. Assistant Mental Welfare Officers (Male). Applications invited from persons who wish to enter Local Authority Mental Health Service as Assistant Mental Welfare Officers. Duties of post will enable persons selected to obtain experience and training to fit them to become candidates for position of Mental Welfare Officer and Duly Authorised Officer. Consideration in first instance given to applicants holding Diploma or Certificate in Social Science or Mental Health of a University. Salary A.P.T. I, £543 5s. by 4 increments to £625 5s. Post superannuable; medical examination. Application Forms, returnable by April 15, from: R. C. Wofinden, Medical Officer of Health, Central Health Clinic, G.P.O. Box No. 201, Tower Hill, Bristol, 2.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Committee. Psychiatric Social Worker (full-time) reqd. for Child Guidance work initially at Twickenham Child Guidance Centre. Mental Health Cert. of L.S.E. or approved equivalent reqd. Prescribed conditions. P.T.A. salary. Write, stating names of two referees, to Area Medical Officer Area No. 10, Elmfield House, High St., Teddington, by April 12. (Quote U.829 NSN.) Canvassing disqualifies.

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited from women graduates for the post of Assistant Warden in a Hall of Residence. Initial salary dependent on qualifications and experience, on scale £550 by annual increments of £50 to £800 a year, plus board-residence and membership of F.S.S.U. Particulars obtainable from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by April 10.

COUNCIL for Education in World Citizenship requires temporary Administrative Assistant (woman) from June 3 until the end of 1957. Three days p. week at rate of £275 p.a. plus holidays. Suit young married ex-teacher. Details and application forms (to reach this office by May 1st) from CEWC, 25 Charles Street, W.1, on receipt of s.a. env.

WORLD Assembly of Youth. Applications are invited for the post of General Secretary to the British National Committee of W.A.Y. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience, £800-£1,000. Superannuation. The appointment is open to men and women experienced in international affairs, British youth work and committee procedure. Application with full details to the Chairman, at 10 Stratford Road, London, W.8.

NATIONAL Institute for Research in Dairying (University of Reading). Personal Assistant (female) required to Head of Physiology department. Good secretarial qualifications and some relevant experience or knowledge of biological science essential. A university degree (preferably in biological science) or equivalent desirable. Commencing salary according to age in scale £343 (age 21) —£401 (age 25 or over on entry)—£650 or for degree in biological science, or equivalent, £455 (age 21)—£592 (age 26 or over on entry)—£755, with superannuation in each case. Applications, naming two referees, to Secretary, N.I.R.D., Shinfield, Reading. Quote reference 57/2.

ROMFORD B.C.L.P. invite applications for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms can be obtained from Councillor Geo. Waller, 43 Princes Road, Romford, Essex, to whom they must be returned not later than April 30.

THE Society of Housing Managers (Incorporated), 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1. Applications invited for the post of Secretary, salary £600-£700 according to qualifications and experience. Applications, stating age, education, qualifications, experience and present salary, together with names of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned, from whom further particulars can be obtained, by April 27, 1957. Miss E. P. Cockburn, Chairman of Council.

HOUSEMOTHER wanted for Reception Home opening shortly near Chelmsford, for twenty children. Salary £404 × £15—£465, less £115 for emoluments. Must be experienced or trained and would be in charge on occasions. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

HOUSE Mother required beginning of May for home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10. Duties will include relief for Matron. Candidates must have had good experience in residential work with children, possess sound commonsense, energy and enthusiasm. Applics. to Sec., Bleak House, Catherine St., St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MATRON (S.R.N.) and Under Matron wanted for Gordonstoun Preparatory School. Apply with testimonials to Mrs. Delap, Aberlour House, Aberlour, Banffshire.

AUG. 3-17. Resident Tutor required for 7th International Summer University, Herts. Theme—The Press, Screen, Radio and International Understanding. Expenses and small remuneration paid. Details from I.S.U., 3 Fadsleigh St., W.C.1.

SECRETARY/Sht. Typist. Congenial work for someone interested in adult & adolescent education. Local Government conditions and salary. Apply in writing to the Principal, South Herts College of Further Education, Wood Street, Barnet, Herts.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road, N.W.1. Clerk (Male or Female) required for Stores Office. Ability to type an advantage. Starting salary over 26 years, Male £416 p.a. rising to £545 p.a. Female £384 p.a. rising to £545 p.a. For interview Tel. CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

ASSISTANT Medical Secretary (with shorthand-typing) for clinical and research side of Medical Department. Salary commences £364 to £468 p.a. according to age and experience, with increments to £545 p.a. Apply Secretary, Eastman Dental Hospital, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

SECRETARY/Leader required for Y.W.C.A., Walsall. Resident preferred; modern premises, attractive quarters, progressive post. Applications with copies of testimonials to the Chairman, Y.W.C.A., Whitimere Street, Walsall.

NATIONAL Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road, N.W.1. Medical Shorthand Typist (grade B) required immediately. Starting salary at 23 years and over £415 p.a. to £484 p.a. According to age and ability rising to £576 p.a. For interview Tel. CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

LADY to assist one or two days a week with editorial and general work. Must type correctly and be good at English; total abstainer. Useful, congenial work with reasonable remuneration. Letters only to Mr. R. Tayler, U.K. Band of Hope Union, Hope House, 45 Great Peter Street, S.W.1.

EDUCATED young women (22 up) for interesting secretarial posts in Victoria & City areas. Commencing salaries £9 10s. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, and 2 Broad Street Place, E.C.2.

NATIONAL Peace Council requires junior lady clerk for shorthand-typewriting and general office work. Applications to N.P.C., 29 Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

SHORTHAND Secretary/typist required for cultural organisation. Over 23. Top wages. Five-day week, staff canteen. Close Tott. Crt. Rd. Modern office. Box 1448.

SHT./Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

IRVING Theatre requires lady for general office work & typing. WHI. 8657.

IRVING Theatre reqs. elegant yng. lady as receptionist. WHI. 8657.

MACHINE Dressmaker, full-time, perm. work. First-class sports jackets. Good pay, 5-day week. Box 1280. BAY. 7222.

ASSISTANT req. for Collet's Hampstead Bookshop. Applicant should have a good education, initiative and drive and interest in helping to build up a special Chinese section. Trade Union rates and conditions, superannuation scheme. Write or tel. Head Office 44/45 Museum St., W.C.1. CHA. 4756.

NURSERY Nurse or Governess for blind girl 4½ yrs., daily or live in. Belton, 25 Glendor Gardens, N.W.7.

RAMBLERS' Association Services Limited invite applications to fill three seasonal vacancies for general domestic assistants (female) at its Lake District hotel. Appointments will be from Easter (or before) until end of summer. Standard wages, full board and accom. and travelling expenses paid. Applications from German, Swiss or Austrian nationals will be welcomed. Apply in writing to 48 Park Rd., Baker St., London, N.W.1.

WANTED, resident Mother's Help for prof. couple with young family, living in London. Older wom. pref. Tel. evenings LEE 4667.

WANTED. Cook-hskepr. for completely modernised house on Roman Wall. Owner much occupied with farm & W.V.S. Applicant must like country pursuits, animals & garden. Child welcome. Wood, Banks House, Brampton, Cumberland.

WORK in Switzerland or Canada! General Domestics required for posts in attractive homes. Excellent conditions and good salaries. (For Swiss posts pref. some know. German). Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

COOK-Caterer for small seasonal hotel June 1-Sept. 30. Gd. sal. for woman with variety in cooking & hotel exp. Apply Thea Boyd, Amethyst Hotel, Achill, Co. Mayo, Eire.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man (27) believing he has now overcome the initial disability of an honours degree in philosophy at a modern university, seeks an administrative post with prospects, where a continued interest in philosophy and in politics and music (particularly Opera) will not be a positive disadvantage. Three years exp. of sales office administration etc., present salary £800 p.a. Box 1174.

SALES/Advtg. exec. (48) very fit and energetic, except. exp. marketing & public rltns., seeks job home or abroad where drive and initiative welcomed. Box 1191.

JOB satisfying head & hand, in & outdoor. Man, 24, qual. book-keeper, Pub. Sch., own car, some farm exp. Box 1498.

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff, m. or f., are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

INTELLIGENT young man (23) seeks position with antique dealer or in art gallery. Anything considered. Box 1410.

STUDENTSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than July 1, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

LAKE District National Park. Hassness Hotel stands in 20 acres of beautiful grounds on the shores of Buttermere. Wonderful scenery, magnificent walking country, fishing and boating. Brochure from Manager, Hassness, Buttermere, Cumberland.

BEAUTIFUL country with comfort and good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

HOLIDAYS, Woolacombe, Sunny Devon. 3 miles golden sands. Barricane Hotel, children welcome. Mrs. Garness. Tel. 76.

SNOWDONIA. Beautifully situated guest house. Walking, climbing, fishing. ½ hr. bus to sea bathing. Good food, hot baths, homely atmosphere. Low tariff. Chapman, Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales.

NEWPORT, Pembrokeshire. Sea, country & mountains. Ideal. Special terms May & June. Prendergast House.

LEWES, Sussex. 18th cent. house, comf. bed & bkfst. Dinner opt. Exc. trains, buses. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes 1773.

EASTER in Cornwall. Easy reach sea, moors, lovely Fowey valley. Own eggs, cream, orchard to laze in. Write Elsie Bourke, Tallands, Higher Polsoe, Lostwithiel.

RYE, The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., **A.A. Licensed. Ashley Courtenay recommended. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers tasteful food, atmosphere & cent. heating. Fr. 7½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. (Full Easter). Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

ROSELAND, C'wall. Sm. guest house on sea edge for Spring & Summer hols. Safe bathg. Mrs. Job, Tivra, Veryan. Tel. 350.

FOR Springtime holidays in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London), Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers ideal accommodation.

CORNWALL. 2 miles superb beach. Large guest house, children welcome. Write "Ye Olde Vicarage," St. Hilary, nr. Penzance.

ESSEX. Licensed Manor House Hotel, charming grounds, wonderful in spring, excellent cuisine. Brochure, Little Bardfield Hall, near Braintree

NORTHERN Ireland.—Approved accommodation for happy holidays. List and attractive illustrated literature sent free on request to B. E. Cowan, Tourist Information Centre, 6 Royal Avenue, Belfast.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

BARMOUTH, Wales, Marine Mansion Private Hotel at sea's edge. A.A. & R.A.C. Miles of sands, lovely inland walks. 9 to 12gns. Broch. from N. S. Jackson.

COTSWOLD Hse. Hotel, Chipping Campden, for Easter. Every com. Campden 330.

OAKHURST Hotel, The Ridge, Hastings, is a must in 1957. Beautiful grounds with putting, tennis, etc. Friendly atmosphere, excellent food but low charge. Brochure.

KESWICK. Visit Highfield Veget. Guest Hse., The Heads. Beautiful scenery, gd. food, friendly atmosphere. Tel. 508.

WINDERMERE.—Lake & Hill views. Cent. B. & B. Richley, 2 The Tce.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. Phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Close Station. Everything home-made. From 6gns.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

LONDON visitors should stay at 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W.8. Superior house, very central. Bed., breakfast, double 27s., single 14s. 6d. BAY. 5985.

ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food mod. terms. Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

FRENCH Riviera. Hotel on beach. April, May, June, 1,600/1,800frs. incl., spec. terms children. Les Flots Bleus, St. Clair, par Le Lavandou, Var.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal Hotel. Beautiful quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts. first-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Illustrated broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

SHETLAND for a holiday that is different. Mrs. Chadwick, Hayfield Hotel, Lerwick.

FOOD-Reform & Vegetarian Restaurant reopening March 25. Mon.-Fri., 12-4.45. Moderate prices. Nature Cure Clinic, 13 Oldbury Place, Baker St., W.1. WEL. 2787.

PARIS Restaurants. The classic, the original and the unexpected restaurants of Paris (meals from 6s. up) described in Odette Pannetier's guide (in French) "Cent Restaurants de Paris." 188 pages. Price 12s. 6d. from Maurice Michael, 3-4 Fox Court, E.C.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

A THOROUGH study of the "European Common Market" is contributed by Daniel Curwin to Labour Monthly. A. F. Rothstein continues his historical study of "Factory Committees" in Europe; 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly from N.S., 134, Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"JO reggelt Kívánok"—Having trouble with your Hungarian? Write to Blackwell's of Oxford for their list of Hungarian Dictionaries and other books.

BATTLE for Wages; Local Election Issues; Distribution of Income. "Labour Research," 9d. (11s. p.a.). 2 Soho Sq., W.1.

POLITICS, Economics, Philosophy.—A unique collection of out-of-print books and documents for sale at Collet's 2nd-Hand Bookshop, 52 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. We buy and sell—browse round, or write for the book you want.

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THE "Humanist" states case for modern man (monthly 1s., ann. subs. 14s.). Send for free spec. copy and booklet "Living with Reality." R.P.A., 40, Drury Lane, W.C.2.

"THE Hungarian Workers' Revolution" 6d. post paid from Syndicalist Workers' Federation, 25a Amberley Rd., London, W.9.

HOUSING in U.S.S.R.: Responsibility, accommodation, building materials, criticism. Architecture and Planning Bulletin, Vol. 4, Nos. 1/2, 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq. London, W.8.

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UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. Professional people seeking a well-appointed room with meals, close West End should call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

2-rmd. furn. flat to let for 9 mths. Grnd. flr., tel. 3gns. wk. Terence Conran, 11 Regent's Pk. Terrace, N.W.1. GUL. 3708.

SUNNY, very comfortable divan B/S., brkfast., meals optional. Mod. terms. Mdrn. quiet hse, 25 mn. W. End. GLA. 7297.

YOUTH House invites applications for residence from either sex (ages 18 to 35). Single rooms. International. Write to Secretary, 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

A BEAUTY. Newly dec. div. rm., h. & c., ckr., linen. gdn., nr. tube. 55s. HIL. 3751. Also double avail. April 15.

HAMPSTEAD 2051. Fur. top flat almost s/c., 2 lge. light rms., balc., k.-b., mod. gas fires, h.w. £30 monthly inc.

COMFORTABLE, furnished bed-sitting room in quiet house, Wembley district, for pleasant, considerate person. Use of kitchen, bath, telephone. 2gns. Box 1472.

PUTNEY. 2 attractively furn. divan rooms to let separately, kit., gdn. Suitable 2 men, 55s. p.w. PUT. 3395.

TO let, furn. sgle. & dble. rms. with h. & c., ckg. facs. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

HIGHGATE Woods. Divan rms. 55s. dble., 2gns. single. TUD. 8207. Refs. exch.

35 Approx. double bed-sitting rooms with own kitchens from £2 10s. weekly, in central London. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

TINY, well-equipped Kensington house with garage, to let furnished from June to professional woman (or similar). 4gns. p.w. provided one room reserved for owner's rare visits to London. Box 1299.

FURNISHED room available in Doctor's house, Highbury. Gas fire, cooker, H. & C., own meter. £3 3s. per wk. Box 1519.

LAMORNA Cove, Cornwall. 2 caravans only on separate, secluded, beaut. sites. 1 two-berth, 1 four-berth. Interior sprung mattresses, Calor gas light, fire & ckng. Fully equipped for comfort. Vacancies April, May, June & Sept. Gibbs, Lamorna, Penzance.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

BUCKS.—Princes Risborough 2 mls. Bed-rm., sitrm., use bathrm., kitchen (or some meals). Cent. heat, garage. 'Phone. 2 acres orchard, quiet. 1-1½ hrs. Lond. Box 1445.

YOUNG professional couple with or without children offered accom. for a limited period in modern house with large garden overlooking sea at Saltdean, Brighton. Full sharing basis. Box 1249.

ALDEBURGH 4 mls. Accomm. end Apr., modnsd. cott. Suit wm. writer. Box 1412.

ST. IVES: furn. cottage available April & May; sleep 4. Short lets considered. Write Lethbridge, St. Ives.

CARAVAN, 4-berth, 4 mls. Seaford. Lovely downland walks. Fully equipped. Calor gas. Rankin, 43 West Park, S.E.9. ELT. 1761.

CARAVAN holiday, 4-berth, priv. farm site, fully equipped, w.c., electricity. Derbyshire, Street Farm, Edgfield, Norfolk.

FLAT wanted, vicinity Hampstead preferred, for N.Z. doctor & family, 2 children, arriving London April 3-4 Box 892.

AUST. & New Zealand visitors req. furn. accom. All districts. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

DOCTOR'S family req. to rent furn. unfurn. house/flat N. London. SYD. 7150.

AMERICAN fashion woman wishes studio or flat. Willing to share. KNI. 1281.

TWO ladies, little girl 5 & clean cat req. furn. flat prf. with use gdn. 3 rms., k., b. Poss. mutual babysittg. Easy reach Town, not N.W.3. Reas. rent. HAM. 2347.

SELF-contained furnished flat 1-2 rooms, kitchen, bath reqd. by young lady Notting Hill Gate/Baker St./St. John's Wood preferred. Box 1446.

TWO or three English lady teachers seek furnished accom. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

URGENTLY reqd. for Mother, baby & son. Suitable furn./unfurn. accom. Reas. rent. Some domestic help in exchange. Box 1326.

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BLOOMSBURY. Suite of offices, approx. 660 sq. ft. £450 p.a. (inc. rates); heating & cleaning extra. Suit professional firm or social service organisation. Box 1344.

EIGHTEEN luxury flats central London districts, weekly rentals from 4gns. to 10gns. Childr. welc. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

APPROX. 25 furnished flats from 55s. weekly in central London and nearby districts. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

COTTAGE in Wye Valley to let furnished, 3 bedrooms, all electric, May-July, 4gns. p.w. Box 1273.

FURNISHED cottage to let: Savernake Forest, ½ mile from village & main-line station 3 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 w.c.s, sitting-room, dining-room, large kit., garage, gdn., frig., all mains. 6gns. p.w. Box 1190.

FURN., quiet seaside country cottage, East Norfolk. 2 bedrooms. Electricity. Main water. Box 1463.

WINDMILL nr. Aldeburgh: bathing, sailing, golf nearby. Well-equipped for six, would hold more; h. & c., playroom, garage, tel., frig. Gd. help avail. Vac. June/Sept. 16gs. p.w. HAM. 4848. Box 1495.

TINY isolated thatched cottage, N. Devon. Linen & Calor gas. 'Phone FLA. 9855.

CONNEMARA, Eire: Cottage to let near Sea. April to July incl. & Sept. Miss Lydon, Ross, Moyard, Co. Galway.

3-rmd. bung. in Keel, Achill Island, Co. Mayo. Apr. & May, £7 per mnth., June, Sept. £12. Hot water, elec. light, turf fires. Apply Thea Boyd, Achill, Co. Mayo, Eire.

AUTHOR with small family sks. humble rural dwelling. Buy/rent. Box 1536.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

ARCHITECTS moving larger, offer 13/15th. cent. cott., Kent Vill. Lond. 45. Main Line 2, 2 rec., 3 beds., attic, new Kit., B. Aga, Gdn. Except. cond. £2,750. Box 1392.

THAMES barge houseboat. Lovely gdn. mooring. 25 min. Piccadilly. Lge. saloon, 3 dble. cabins, K. & B., water, elec., tel. £1,150. Box 1488.

ESSEX-Suffolk Border. Attractive period thatched cottage, modernized, water, elect., ½ acre small orchard, garage; unspoilt view; £2,400 frhld. Norwood, Goodwoods Cottage, Castle-Camps, Cambs. (Ashdon 264).

STOW on the Wold. Modern detached hse. Pleasant surroundings. Apply owner: Bowen, Park Cres., Stow/Wold. Tel. 281.

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NEW School, Kings Langley, Herts (co-ed. day and boarding). Based on Steiner methods, avoiding early specialisation. Nursery ages, 3-6. Lower school, 6-14. Upper school, 14-18. G.C.E. exams. Transport for younger children within 5 mile radius.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgetley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills, 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).